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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR

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COLLEGE AND SEMINARY RECORD.

YALE COLLEGE.—The public exercises were opened with the *Concio ad Clerum* (Discourse to the Clergy) on Thursday evening, Aug. 15, by Rev. Dr. Bushnell. He took his text from I. John 1. 2, (same as at Cambridge). The subject (which was assigned by the Hartford Association) was *the Divinity of Christ*. The various accounts all agree in considering it, as "an intellectual effort—one of great ability; terse, logical, and abounding in passages characterized by that richness of language and nervous originality of conception which long ago gave Dr. B. a prominent place among the first pulpit orators of the age." It was nearly two hours in length. Dr. Bushnell maintained (what in our report of his Discourse at Cambridge we have previously said) *the absolute Divinity of Christ*. He passed, however, from this to the *Trinity*, to which the greater portion of his address was devoted. The *N. Y. Observer* remarks, that "rejecting the Unitarian and the common Trinitarian views of the Trinity, as well as those of the Sabellians, he remarked upon the idea of the absolute God, and presented the persons of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, as "*expressions*" of the absolute God which especially belong to the Christian economy, and which might be viewed as necessary in the revelation of God to man."

The Puritan says,

"He particularly discarded that view of the Trinity which supposes three wills, three consciousnesses, three understandings. He also discarded in the most explicit manner, every theory that affirms a threefold distinction in the *being* of the Godhead."

The Puritan adds, (and we quote it simply to show the position and feelings of the orthodox clergy.)

"The effect of this sermon upon the hearers was various. Few endorse it as a whole. Some think it erroneous but harmless. Some profess to doubt whether it is true or false. Others pronounce it an abandonment of the Trinity. Many of the ablest and most influential ministers of the country, of all shades of theological opinion on other subjects, condemn it as a fatal departure from the truth."

The sermon will be published with the Cambridge discourse and the one to be delivered at Andover.

We take further from the Puritan an account of the *Meeting of the Alumni*. "This is one of the richest entertainments of Commencement week. It was held on Wednesday morning, under a large tent in the rear of the Colleges. Lieutenant Governor McCurday was called to the Chair. An obituary notice of graduates deceased during the past year, prepared by Prof. Kingsley and E. C. Herrick, Esq., was read by Rev. S. W. S. Dutton. After this, the meeting was addressed with happy effect by Rev. Drs. Hewit, Beecher, Pierce of Ms.; Judge Jessup of Pa.; Hon. W. J. Hubbard of Boston, and Mr. Smith of Texas. John Van Buren being present, was loudly called on for a speech. He came forward and addressed the meeting in a very easy and felicitious strain of remark.—He bears a strong resemblance to his father—stands about five feet eight, and a little stooping in the shoulders. He is a natural and graceful speaker, with an easy flow of dignified language, and a happy adaption to time and place. He spoke of the improvements in the City and College during the twenty years of his absence—of the pleasure he felt in meeting the old officers of the institution—passed a merited compliment upon President Day, Professors Silliman and Kingsley and their associates—and said he could testify to the benefits of a Collegiate education from the most unpleasant kind of evidence, the inconvenience resulting from his neglect of its advantages. (He was notoriously lazy in College.) He remarked that although he could give no reminiscences like the preceding speaker, Dr. Pierce, he hoped that if spared fifty years hence, he should be able to give the history of the class of 1828. In conclusion he asked leave to introduce to the audience, his friend the Hon. Christopher Morgan, Secretary of the State of New York, from whom he should be glad to hear. The good-natured retaliation upon Morgan, who had been the means of calling up Van Buren, produced no little merriment. Mr. Morgan, not to be out-done in the *lex talionis*, made Van Buren the text of his remarks; and though grave as a judge himself, kept the audience in a roar of laughter. "My friend and class-mate," said he, "has indulged on this occasion, as he has done frequently of late, in the liberty of *free* speech. He has promised, if spared so long, some 50 years hence, to give an account of his life. I propose now to give a single incident of his College days which is fresh in my memory. In his senior year on one occasion, when the monitor was reading his tally, it appeared that during every day of that week, John Van Buren had been absent from prayers and recitations.—He had some genius for invention and ingenuity when in College, but it was all exhausted in his repeated attempts to excuse himself. On one occasion he thought it sufficient that he could not find his boots. But having exhausted all manner of excuses—I mean to indulge in freedom of speech, and he has no right to complain—he was suspended. He has told you however, that he graduated—this is literally true; but it was by special favor of the Faculty. But one thing is certain, that though he was a real Rip Van Winkle in College, he has at last woke up." He then alluded in a very touching manner to Pres. Day, and related an incident of his College life showing the respect felt for that venerable man. His playful attack on Van Buren, managed with such amusing gravity, was perfectly irresistible—and none seemed to enjoy it more than Mr. Van Buren himself. The Alumni then moved in procession to the North Church, where they listened to an able Oration from the Rev. Dr. Bacon. His subject was *Christianity as an element in history*.

[The New-Haven Palladium says that Dr. B. "in speaking of the elevating influence of the faith of our Savior, remarked that the man who should attempt to write the history of the world without alluding to christianity, would be like one endeavoring to record the annals of the late Mexican war, without noticing the gallantry of Scott and Taylor, or the *statesmanship* of President Polk."]

The Theological Commencement. This took place on Wednesday afternoon. The number of speakers was unusually small, but the average character of their performances was fully equal to former years. The graduating class numbered *nine*.

The *Phi Beta Kappa* oration was delivered in the evening by Prof. Haddock. His subject was the *Connection between Scholarship and Patriotism*. It was a noble performance, severe in classic beauty, and rich in ripened wisdom. I have rarely heard an oration so highly commended by so many competent judges."

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, gives the following interesting account of the late Anniversary Commencement Dinner at Yale College:

"The dinner was served under a large canvass tent, neatly fitted up, in front of the Library. Between four and five hundred sat down at this common repast; old classmates together, face to face, and side by side, around the social board, called up afresh the bright reminiscences of youthful days and college life, and interchanged with each other the story of life's common journey. There was one venerable gentleman present who had attended seventy-six commencements: and he looked as though he might yet attend many more. His tall and portly form, his thick white locks bowing to his shoulders, his bright hazle eye and animated countenance could not fail to arrest attention, and I enquired who he was. I was informed that he was the Rev. Dr. PIERCE, of Brookline, Massachusetts; that he was a graduate of old Harvard, and in his younger days was a tutor in that institution. He made an interesting address, day before yesterday, at the meeting of the Alumni, in which he told how Story and Marshal, took off their hats to him in the college yard, and how Daniel Webster looked and acted when a boy. At dinner yesterday the white haired patriarch sat by the side of the aged and eminent Dr. BEECHER, of Ohio, formerly of Boston, and both of them were very sociable, full of anecdote and lively conversation. The whole dinner scene might well be styled

'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

The graduating class, who were away at one end of the tent, a little out of the atmosphere of their 'grave and reverend seniors,' exhibited the buoyancy of their feelings by singing in full chorus several lively songs and negro melodies.

In the evening President WOOLSEY had a party at his house, and most conspicuous amid the throng was seen my commencement-loving, white-haired sage, Dr. PIERCE, moving about and conversing almost with the elasticity and buoyancy of a youth of twenty. I heard him remark that some one had been paying him a pleasant compliment by saying 'that he looked just like the portrait of the Abbe Sicard.'

Among all the rest at the commencement, I was glad to see Professor SILLIMAN, in fine health and preservation."

The number of young men who had part in the Commencement exercises was 31; number of graduates 89. The degree of A. M. was conferred on about 30 in course; Honorary degree of L. L. D. on Dr. Darlington, Hon. G. E. Badger and Henry Strong Esq.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, WILLIAMSTOWN Ms.—We give an abridged account from a fuller in the N. E. Puritan.

On Sabbath morning, Aug. 15 a lucid and well-arranged Sermon was preached, by the Rev. Calvin Durfee, of South Dedham—whose interest in this College is well known, and who has done more perhaps than any other one of its graduates to elucidate its history

Dr. Hopkins preached the Baccalaureate Sermon to the Graduating Class in the afternoon, with his well-known ability, and we think with a more touching pathos than is usual even for him—from the fact of its being his first appearance in the pulpit after a long and severe illness.

The Address before the Mills Society of Inquiry was delivered on Sabbath evening, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn. N. Y. His subject was, *Sympathy, controlling and moving the Preacher*. He discriminated between the sympathy with the beautiful, the perfect and good, and that which yearns after man as degraded, suffering and sinful—both of which are necessary to the full efficiency of the preacher—either one of which is only half;—thus placing him between two powerful sympathies, that urge him forward to the fulfilment of his mission. The discource was powerful unique, and at times amazingly eloquent.

The gatherings of the Alumni were interesting.—The first meeting was held on Tuesday the 15th, at 11 o'clock A. M., Judge Dewey in the chair.

P. M., Prof. Tatlock delivered a very fine address, "on the importance of Cultivating a taste for the Beautiful."

Other meetings of Alumni were held in the afternoon of the same day and on the following morning.

The Professorship of Natural History was filled by the appointment of Dr. Ebenezer Emmons, of Albany, N. Y., who brings to the Institution his experience and ability in this department, together with his valuable and extensive cabinet, which now becomes the permanent possession of the College.

The day closed by the usual pleasant social gathering at the house of the President.

The Commencement was on Wednesday, the 16th inst. The weather was very warm and the concourse of people great.

As the subjects of the orations, &c., sometimes give a good idea of the tone of thought and feeling in a college, we quote them.

Salutatory in Latin. True Heroism. Oliver Cromwell. Italy. Political Science. Mountains. The Empiric. Guizot. Art and Nature. Republicanism. Success of Greek Poetry.—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead." The Pardoning Power. Elevation of purpose. Proportion. Haste. Theory of Punishment. Binary Stars. Mathematicks the key to Nature. "Thou shall not excel." Religion and National character. The Christian. Mind Enslaved.—Misdirected effort. Science and Revelation. The Schoolmaster. The Lessons of History. The Power of an Endless Life. Valedictory, Scepticism.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on 43 young gentlemen and the degree of A. M. in course on eight, and honorary on four others.

The number of admissions to the Freshman Class was full as great as in former years.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Commencement services occurred on Wednesday, August 9th, and were of an interesting character. The graduating class was greatly reduced, consisting of only six; each of the other classes however, ranges from twenty to thirty, and promises much for subsequent Commencements. Five gentlemen received the second degree in course. The anniversary of the Erosophian Adelphi, was on commencement evening. Oration by Rev. S. Judd, of Augusta, Me.; Poem by Charles Thurber, Esq., of Worcester, Mass. The theme of the former was "Christ and the Scholar," that of the latter, "Reason and Conscience. They were both heard with attention and gratification.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT. At the Commencement at Burlington, Vt, on Monday evening, Professor Edwards of Andover, delivered before the Society of Religious Inquiry the Address on Romanism in Italy, which he delivered at Dartmouth the week before.

On Tuesday afternoon Professor H. B. Smith of Amherst, delivered an address before the Literary Societies, on the characteristics of Modern Philosophy—learned and beautiful, as might be expected.

The exercises of the Junior Class were on Tuesday evening.

The exercises of the Commencement day were unusually interesting. The Graduating Class numbered twenty-two, who received the Bachelor's degree. The Master's degree was conferred on six Graduates.

Two honorary degrees of A. M. were conferred, no D. D.'s, no LL. D.'s.

James Russell Lowell was chosen Poet for the Literary Societies, and Oliver Wendell Withington of Boston for the Alumni, for next year.

MT. HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY. The annual exercises of this institution took place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of week before last.

The annual address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher of Boston.

MADISON UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON, N. Y. This institution was founded in 1817, as a Theological School, and until the last spring it never received a dollar from the state; but by the contributions of its friends it has grown to be a chartered college, with 200 students, 7 professors, and 3 tutors, 5000 volumes in its library, and a large and growing patronage.

The commencement took place Aug. 16. The exercises of the Graduating Class were as follows:—

Oratio Salutatoria. The Moral Hero's Achievments. The Present Year. The Practical Man—his Mission. Truth the Prime Element in Moral Reform. Our Historical Associates. Is Defensive War Justifiable? The Æsthetic Influence of Religion. Relation of Literature to the European Revolutions. The Literature of an Age—Its Monument. Sentiment of Duty in Self-Development. The Beautiful and Sublime in Sympathy. The Land of the Beautiful, A Poem. Benevolence, Promotive of Intellectual Development. The Political Character of the Anabaptists.

The graduating class numbered fifteen, upon whom was conferred the degree of A. B. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Hon. Ira Harris, of Albany, and that of D. D. upon Rev. E. Tucker, late pastor of Oliver Street Baptist Church, and George B. Ide, of Philadelphia.

The exercises exhibited maturity of mind and thoroughness of cultivation. The several orations were delivered in the alphabetical order of their authors' names, which on the whole was preferred by the class.

The next day was the Anniversary of the Theological Department. The following was the order of exercises:—

Philosophy and the Bible. The lost Principle. The Cross the true Expander of History. The Minister, the Reformer. Exclusiveness of Christianity. The Apostles of Modern Civilization. Revelation, a Key to the Phenomena of Nature. Native Depravity; its relation to the Intellect. Mystery, the Higher Reason for Immortality. The Greatness of Love. Practical Religion, the World's Necessity. Errors of the Early Church; their relation to Romanism. True Piety conducive to Intellectual Improvement. Grounds of the Triumphs of Christianity. Moral Grandeur of the Minister's Mission. The Perversion of the Christian Ministry. Literary Influence of Missions. An Efficient Ministry, the Bulwark of the Church. Address to the Graduting Class, by Prof. T. J. Conant. Benediction.

The time of each oration occupied on an average about twenty minutes. The speakers acquitted themselves with honor, and their performances as a whole would compare favorably with those in the oldest Theological Seminaries of our country. While some were inferior there were others of the highest order; so that the average was not below that of former years. [N. Y. Rec.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post says:

"Although in a highly flourishing condition, its friends have believed that its present inaccessibility, the peculiar influences descended from its former strictly theological character, and the impossibility of obtaining an adequate endowment while at Hamilton, demanded a chance of location. The last Legislature accordingly gave to the Trustees power to remove the college to Utica, Rochester, or Syracuse. Syracuse offered $50,000 and a site, Rochester $100,000. The Board of the University at its session on Monday, unanimously voted its removal to Rochester, provided no valid legal objections interposed. The Board of the "Baptist Education Society," who control the Divinity School, unanimously concurred. The general meeting of the Education Society was not as harmonious.

As the constitution admits annual members by the payment of one dollar, thirty or forty residents of Hamilton offered the "dollar" to join the society, in order to defeat the project of removal. A large number of students also applied for membership in the same way, to vote in its favor. After a stormy discussion, it was decided to reject the votes of both parties, and refer the matter to the original members, when the motion to remove was carried by 54 to 19. After the adjournment of the society, the citizens of Hamilton, whose votes were rejected, remained in the room, organized, and claimed that the others had seceded, and left the organization in their hands. After a few speeches, they adjourned to the "Eagle Tavern, to elect a new board. There will be then two boards; the "Eagle Tavern Board," and that elected by the society. Between the two, a tedious litigation may be expected. No measures will be left untried, to prevent removal. The leaders in the Eagle Tavern movement are, the Rev. A. B. Judd of New York, Elder Jacob Knapp, and Hon. James W. Nye of Hamilton. On the other side, Rev. Dr. Church of Rochester, and John N. Wilder, Esq., of Albany, are the most efficient."

The New York Recorder further says, that on the removal of the University to Rochester, *pedo-baptists* are to be admitted to its Board and Faculty; and it utters a query whether one of the themes of the graduating class, viz. "The Political charcter of the Anabaptists,"—would be allowed by such persons.

ELDER KNAPP'S FARM. The following advertisement which appears in many different papers in the country, will lead many to conjecture that not the most disinterested motives in the world are concerned in Elder Knapp's heading the opposition to the removal of Madison University from Hamilton to Rochester.

"The celebrated dwelling house of Jacob Knapp, in the village of Hamilton, N. Y., together with ten acres of land, on which the house stands, will be sold very low, as he is about to locate his family in Illinois, that he may be near the centre of his parish, which extends from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of Oregon, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

For the Register.

DEDICATION AT NORTHBOROUGH.

The First Church and Society in Northborough have recently re-arranged the interior of their meeting house. The floor has been raised high enough to make a convenient vestry in the basement; a new arrangement of pews has been made within, and the whole church beautifully painted in fresco. These arrangements having been completed, Tuesday, the 15th of August, was appointed for the dedication of the church anew to religious purposes.

It was crowded with a large congregation. Most of the ministers of the Worcester Association were present at the services. Rev. Mr. Hall, of Providence, offered the prayer of dedication. Mr. (since Dr.) Allen preached, from the text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," an impressive and valuable sermon, on the true spiritual church as he wished it might be built up by the services in the renewed sanctuary. The last sermon preached by Dr. Allen in the old church was from the words not less appropriate—which immediately precede this text in the arrangement of the Psalms, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The introductory and closing prayers were offered by Rev. T. Preutiss Allen and Rev. Joseph H. Allen, sons of Dr. Allen; and the selections from Scripture were read by Rev. E. E. Hale of Worcester. A large and well disciplined choir sung several excellent selections of music with fervent feeling, and great beauty of execution.

After the services in the church, the large company held a pleasant gathering in the vestry, exchanging congratulations on so pleasant a solemnity. It is gratifying to find such visible proof of a successful ministry as surrounded Dr. Allen in this 32d year of his residence among his people. To those of his friends who knew that the day of the dedication was his own birth-day, its associations were doubly agreeable. A large number of his friends and kinsmen accompanied him to close the different festivities of the day.

To bear the parish harmless through the expense of remodelling the church, which was considerable, amounting, in different items, to about $6,000, ten or twelve gentlemen assumed the responsibility of bearing it. We are glad to learn from Northborough, that when, on Friday after the dedication, the pews were sold, all those offered were disposed of, at such prices as relieve these gentlemen from the responsibility thus generously assumed, and besides paying the whole expense of the re-building leave a surplus of about $200 in the parish treasury. The day of sale was closed by a brilliant tea party.

So spirited a movement is an agreeable sign of the times. The ladies of the parish, who have interested themselves most earnestly in the arrangement, having, it is said, contrived, in two years past, ways and means to the amount of $700 for the re-construction and furnishing the church, deserve great praise for their alacrity. They have carpeted and furnished the church in a style quite corresponding to the beauty of the whole arrangement. A beautiful bible, which takes the place, on the pulpit, of one not so clear of type and paper, is the gift of some of the young ladies of the parish.

There certainly never seemed anywhere a prospect for a happy ministry more pleasant than that which surrounded Dr. Allen. H.

Worcester, Aug.

[We will not suggest a doubt that our readers can fail to discern, both from the initials and from internal evidence, the writer of the following letter, which by its graphic and amusing touches will give a wholesome start to one's pulse. Our personal acquaintance with the place, and with the *host* of the place, enables us to endorse all that our friend says of them—all except the *sea-nymphs* at their moonlight toilet. Our imagination is a little too sluggish for that.]

[From the Traveller.]

KITTERY POINT, ME., August 21st, 1848.

TO A YOUNG ENGINEER.—My dear S., I am glad you enjoyed the hospitality and good cheer of our kind-hearted and gentlemanly landlord, (Robert F. Gerrish, Esq.) and were so well pleased with the society of the boarders and the inmates of the house, on your late visit to us here. Though you did ample justice to the establishment of mine host, I do not think, from your remarks, that the neighboring localities awakened in your breast the enthusiasm which should have been expected in a man of your glowing imagination and correct taste. But *"de gustibus non disputandum."* I cannot, however, but think that your impressions have the odor of the shop. I fear that you have been so long engaged in works of art, that you have become insensibly somewhat callous to the beauties and the sublimities of nature. Had the noble Piscataqua, which almost laves with its limpid waters our very doorsteps, bearing on its broad bosom the commerce of Portsmouth, and the proud vessels of war which are sheltered off the neighboring navy-yard, been laid out with all the precision of the Boston and the Croton waterworks, it might have been more to your taste as an engineer.

But the fact is, Old Neptune, not being educated at the Rensselaer Institute at Troy, nor at the Military Academy at West Point, does not work by theodolite, nor by plumb and line, grading the bed of his mighty waters by any precise rules of art; nor does he line the banks of his streams with solid blocks of granite or marble, regularly squared.

But in my humble judgement, the scenery of this place is picturesque and beautiful. It is true, the majestic river does play strange antics with its countless currents and counter currents, its whirlpools and eddies. But I like it all the better on that account; for it harmonizes most beautifully with the many currents and counter currents of my own soul. The numerous bold promontories and headlands, projecting as they do into the deep blue water, are fitting resting-places for mermaids, sea-nymphs, and marine goddesses. During the fine moonlight nights, one almost fancies he sees them combing their auburn locks, and adjusting their elegant tresses by the mild beams of the gentle queen of heaven. How delightful too it is, to wake at midnight and imagine one's self listening to the songs of these imaginary beings, chiming in with the music of the neighboring ocean. In fine, the place is so exquisitely delightful that Old Neptune might have selected the vicinity as his summer residence; for I do not believe he has many spots more lovely in his wide domain.

Leaving the regions of fancy, let us now come to matters of fact, in which I trust we shall agree. The house, you will allow, is well kept. It has a commanding and variegated prospect, overlooking the Fort and Navy Yard, Portsmouth and Newcastle. The house and tomb of Sir William Pepperell, interesting objects to the antiquarian, are very near. In justice to our worthy landlord, let me say, he is a very clever fellow, being both able and willing to accommodate those who visit his establishment.

If your friends, whether male or female, have aquatic propensities, they can indulge them here to their heart's content; for the river flows so near the house, that with a bound, something less than a lover's leap, one can plunge into the refreshing stream. You can say to those good Christians who are fond of going to church on Sunday, (and I sincerely hope that all Sabbath breakers will keep at a distance,) they may find here preaching corresponding to their various mental tastes and spiritual wants. The orthodox clergyman is an exemplary Christian and a good minister. I have not yet tried the quality of the Free-will Baptists elder, but I hear a good account of him. I have listened with much pleasure to Elder Fernald, of the Christian denomination, as it is called. He is very plain, direct, and pungent in his address to the conscience of the hearer. In manner he resembles Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston.—He reminded me of what was once said of a bold, energetic preacher: "He is not one of those silky, milky ministers, who pat the devil on the back and call him poor mistaken angel; Beelzebub he is by nature, so let him be by name." Should any of your friends wish to hear preaching of a higher intellectual order, they may find it in Portsmouth, which is only three miles distant; for I understand that the pulpits of the various denominations there are supplied by a learned as well as a pious clergy.

Hoping to meet you here another year, I remain
Yours, with much affection,
S. C.

P. S.—While you are almost suffocated by heat in the city, we are enjoying the most delightful weather here; the mercury in thermometer ranging from 60 to 70 degrees. Our friend R. T. Paine, Esq., and lady are now at Kittery Point, and add much to our enjoyment.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

LETTERS FROM ROME.

BY H. W. BELLOWS.

Rome, June 20, 1848.

A fortnight has elapsed since our last letter to the *Inquirer* was written; and during this period, how many scenes of intense interest have we passed! We have crossed the Alps; we have entered Italy; we have visited the palaces of Genoa; we have seen the blue Mediterranean, and skirted its shores under the crowding shoulders of the Apennines, to Lucca and Pisa; and we have seen that wonder of the world, which, of all others, most captivated our boyish imagination, "the leaning tower." We have seen the galleries of Florence, and sat in the Tribune, surrounded by the Venus de Medici, the knife-grinders, the wrestlers, and the masterpieces of the master-painters of the master-age of art. We have journeyed through ancient Etruria, seeing cities that were old when Christianity was young. We have already seen St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Forum, the Colosseum, the Laocoon, and the Apollo! One is filled with despair at the thought of being under any obligation to record the impressions left by so many splendid objects! To get behind-hand in a journal with Rome around one—which stands directly in the way of reflection, by presenting constant and glorious novelties every day—is a most discouraging predicament.

We parted with our readers, if we recollect rightly, at Chambery, in Savoy, a picturesque province, filled with a simple and honest, but miserably poor population. At Chambery, we first met the troops of Charles Aloert, king of Sardinia, who holds the destinies of Italy in his hands. In the little city of Chambery, not containing more than 10.000 people, 6000 troops were now garrisoned—the corps de reserve of Charles Albert, who, as everybody knows, is now in the field with a large army. We attended a military mass in the cathedral, where two thousand soldiers were gathered, with arms at their shoulders, and in which, instead of the bell, a dozen drums marked the periods and progress of the Catholic ritual. There seems to be the most cordial union between the profession of arms and the profession of religion in Italy.—Soldiers and priests are very common companions in the streets, and almost every public ceremony is indebted for its splendor about equally to the military and the ecclesiastics.

Before proceeding further, it is desirable to give a brief account of the present political crisis in Italy, which has called forth our interest and sympathy at every step. The moment we entered Savoy, and before we crossed the Alps, we found the country alive with military and political enthusiasm. We dare say there are some good simple souls among our readers as ignorant as we ourselves were before coming to Italy, of the relations of the different parts to Austria and to each other, and who will thank us for telling them the little we have picked up in relation to this matter. By turning to the map, it will be seen that the Alps, beginning at the Western end of the Gulf of Genoa, describe a half-circle terminating at the eastern end of the Gulf of Venice, and thus separating what is now Sardinia, Lombardy, and Venice, with the smaller states of Parma and Modena, &c., and a few insignificant duchies, from the west of Europe, and adding them to Italy, whose natural boundaries of the sea on the three other sides, and the Alps on the north, are as distinctly marked out as those of any country on the globe. All included within these boundaries speak the Italian tongue, and have an equal share in the associations and literature of that great and glorious nation. Another glance at a colored map will show the present political division of the country. Lombardy and Venice now form a constituent part of Austria. Sardinia, Tuscany the States of the Church, Naples, and the Sicilies, are all under different rules.—The Italians feel that the dismemberment of their country is its ruin, and especially that the yoke of Austria is intolerably disgraceful. There have been two objects in view: to unite as much of Italy as possible under one government, and the other to expel Austria by all means. Great disputes have existed in respect to the nature of the government under which Italy should be placed. Some have hoped for a republic, but the greater and wiser part for a constitutional monarchy. The first question to settle, however, was the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy and Venice; and it is upon this that Italy is now engaged. Lombardy and Venice, weak in themselves, have called the rest of Italy to their aid. Charles Albert, an able monarch and a good financier, whose kingdom is out of debt, who had recently made most important concessions to his people, not without ambitious purposes of his own, flew to the aid of Lombardy, and has in fact taken the responsibility of the war on his own shoulders. Tuscany, the best governed, the happiest and most self-satisfied of the Italian States, although the Grand Duke is an Austrian, and therefore a little suspected by the aid of the war. The Pope has sent his quota of soldiers to the frontiers, and even Naples made a show of helping Lombardy, but has now perfidiously, and under the malediction of the rest of Italy, withdrawn her soldiers, which it appears were never designed for anything but a feint of sympathy with a movement hateful to the stupid Bourbon on that throne.

Thus far the Italian arms have been wonderfully successful. An immense excitement and an irresistible zeal possess the vast majority of the people. It is impossible that Austria should retain Lombardy in her possession, and she may be considered as already free and separated from her tyrannical mistress. But this has been accomplished not in her own strength, but through the sympathy and assistance of Italy, and more especially of Charles Albert. It was agreed at the outset of the war, that the question as to the form of government or political relations of Lombardy and Venice, should be left until the war is over. But already Lombardy has voted to cast herself into the hands of the King of Sardinia, and Venice is hesitating whether to assert a republican existence, or to join the Sardinian kingdom, or, as some fear, to resign herself again to Austria. It is said that Venice is fearful of being sacrificed as a commercial city of the Mediterranean, to Genoa, which is now thriving under the rule of Sardinia, and on this account hesitates to come under the dominion of Charles Albert. Meanwhile the utmost excitement prevails in Italy respecting the part the Pope has taken, or is to take, in the general emancipation of Italy from unconstitutional government, or from Austrian domination; and also in regard to the conduct of the King of Naples.

The Pope is generally understood to be personally inclined to the popular movement. The cardinals and the priesthood are regarded with almost universal jealousy, as either secretly or openly inimical to liberty. The Pope has seemed to waver, and his popularity was temporarily diminished by his supposed unwillingness to allow the Papal troops to cross the frontier, and go to the help of Lombardy. But now it is understood in Rome that he has taken his stand, and is determined not to sacrifice the political interests of Italy to the pontifical or ecclesiastical policy. He has granted a constitution to his own people, and is regarded as being heartily on the popular side, and is as warmly admired and loved, as the Cardinals, as a body, are suspected and hated. The King of Naples makes no concessions to the demands of his people, and is certainly the most detested being in Italy at this hour. It seems sure that he cannot sustain himself any longer than during the present state of preoccupation of mind on the part of the other portions of Italy. The moment leisure is found to turn the current of popular feeling in all Italy upon Naples, it may be considered certain that the King will be hurled from his throne. The stupidity with which he opposes the spirit of the age is only to be accounted for by the recollection that he is a Bourbon. A little conversation, overheard in the diligence between two Italians, illustrates the general feeling throughout Italy. 'What shall we give Charles Albert, after he has driven the Austrians out of Italy?' Ans.—'Lombardy and Tuscany.' 'But what is to become of the Grand Duke?' 'Oh! he is to have the kingdom of Naples!' 'But what shall we do with the King of Naples?' 'Cut off his head!'

The present popular leader in Italy is Giuberti, formerly a priest, and banished from Italy on account of his political sentiments. During his long exile in France, he wrote some able works against the Jesuits, and since his return under the general act of amnesty to political offenders, he has been the idol of the people. All the bookstores in Italy are placarded. "Viva Giuberti" stares you in the face at the corner of every street. His approach is met with processions and illuminations, and everybody talks of him as the very genius of the present movement. Judging from the little we have been able to learn concerning him, he deserves the confidence and respect of the people.—He is described as a person of entire simplicity of purpose, who has thus far utterly declined all the gifts which kings or people have sought to force upon him.—He is no longer an ecclesiastic. He aims at procuring constitutional governments of Italy, but discourages the idea of a republic, in which he is doubtless wise. He is on terms of great friendship with his own sovereign, Charles Albert, his home being at Genoa; and his recent visit to Rome did much to bring about a reconciliation between the Pope and the citizens of Rome, who had become much disaffected towards Pio Nono. Mazzini, who, though living in London, has been considered so long the leader of young Italy, and is known to some of our readers as the writer of many essays in the London *People's Journal*, (and who, as the person whose letters were violated in the London Post Office under state authority) is now conducting a newspaper in Milan, and has created a good deal of trouble by advocating the principles of communism as applicable to the present crisis, and as the only means of extricating Italy from degradation. He finds few followers, and is losing his influence, it is said.

It is impossible to conjecture what a year or a month may bring forth in Italy. The people have learned their own strength, and it is impossible that the popular will should long be opposed. A revolution in Naples may be expected at any moment, and affairs in Rome are very far from being settled. Should the worthy Pope allow himself to falter, or should he not rapidly concede what the Romans ask, there is no saying how soon a general onslaught will be made upon his temporal authority. One seems to be looking upon the last season of the full splendors of the Cardinals; as we saw them assembled at a solemn mass in the Pope's private chapel, at which he presided, it seemed extremely doubtful whether the return of the day they celebrated might not find the sacred college dispersed, and the estates of the Church under control of some Prince of Rome, most of whom are on the popular side. But we have allowed ourselves too much license in this attempted explanation of Italian politics, and will return in our next to more comprehensible themes.

NUMBER II.

ROME June 20, 1848.

One of the first things that strikes the traveller in Europe is the uniform and universal costliness and excellency of the roads. It is usual to speak of the roads in England as if their perfection were an exception to the general rule. But England has no roads—because the nature of the country does not call for them—which compare in costliness or magnitude with the roads to be found all over Italy. They form the everpresent monument of the science and liberality, and civic policy of its government. The traveller is kept in a constant surprise at the boldness and the perfect success at road making over or under mountains, down precipices, upon endless terraces of colonnades, through rocks and over torrents, where the most costly masonry is to be reckoned not so much by feet or rods as by miles. We have by no means seen as yet the most celebrated roads over the Alps; but the road over Mount Cenis, and that from Florence to Rome by Perugia, are both worthy of the highest admiration.

Another peculiarity is the entire absence of wooden buildings Every edifice however humble, is of stone; all out-buildings, barns, and huts, however rude, are built of this permanent material. The stone has originally been whitewashed; but this is rarely renewed, and a universal dinginess characterizes all the buildings on the continent. Another and still more striking point, is the absence of anything answering to what we call a village. Such a thing is not to be found in the whole route from Paris to Rome. The collection of houses occurring every few miles upon the way, are uniformly built as close together as the houses in the most crowded part of the city, leaving generally barely enough room for a carriage to pass between them.—The small towns, therefore, have not the least advantage over the great cities either in roominess, cleanliness, or freshness of air. They are huddled together just as compactly as possible. Nothing can exceed the ordinary discomfort, disgusting filth, and crowded habits of these little cities of three or four hundred people. This has not been a matter of choice. It has grown out of the necessity of keeping together for purposes of mutual protection in time of civil war. It is very common to find a gate at the beginning and end of one of these streets; itself, perhaps, jammed in between two steep hills and thus converted into a fortress. In other cases, the little town is built about a small open square, having but one entrance and exit. Single houses, excepting always castles, are for the same reasons exceedingly rare. The necessity of providing against enemies, has perched all the considerable towns of Italy upon the tops of hills or the steep declivities of mountains, or else along the shores of the Mediterranean, just where the Appennines crowd nearest to the sea. The more inaccessible and the less convenient to the plain, the more fit for a city. In many cases it is impossible to draw an ordinary travelling carriage up to the gates of a city of ten or twenty thousand people, without the aid of oxen. However offensive to his utilitarian notions, or to the pacific habits of these times, such situations may be, the traveller finds them unspeakably gratifying to his sense of the beautiful. The very beau-ideal of the picturesque is reached in these sharp hills, bristling with towers, and churches, and battlements, and crowded with half-ruined walls.

Who can ever forget the exquisite beauty of the towns upon the shores of the sea between Genoa and Leghorn! The mountain sides above are covered with churches and campaniles while every ledge that juts out into the Mediterranean is castellated with an irregular pile of houses, presenting every form that can excite the imagination or gratify the love of beauty. Above, the road winds along upwards, cut into the steep side of the mountain, and circles round, facing all points of the compass within a few minutes time. Now you seem brought to a dead stop by the sheerness of a precipice, and a short turn brings you, without warning, from a view entirely land-locked, to a broad Mediterranean prospect. The olive and the vine, the orange and the fig, form the foliage, while the prickly pear and the aloe hedge the road side. In Italy, roads of the most perfect description are made where we should think it folly to attempt any passage, and this is one of the reasons of the extraordinary charm of travelling there. The smoothest and most feasible roads run through the most inaccessible and broken provinces. A road whose engineer considers a sheer precipice no obstacle, but patiently cuts a serpentine terrace up its side, or who is prepared to bore through a quarter of mile of rock rather than abandon its direction, or who does not hesitate to go about three or four miles to accomplish only perhaps a single mile of aerial distance, must necessarily have a beauty which cheap roads cannot possess. Between Florence and Rome the country is surpassingly beautiful, and the towns exceed in picturesqueness of situation all we had ever conceived. How is it, we asked ourselves, as we came upon Arezzo, and Perugia, and Narni, that the world does not ring with the praises of these places, hung between heaven and earth, to be the admiration of both for their beauty of situation. Prague, a city of 15,000 inhabitants, full of old churches and convents, a church for every house almost, and surrounded with immense walls, is situated upon the top of a mountain, which it took us an hour or more of hard climbing with oxen, to reach. The view extends a whole day's journey. From the colonnade of an old convent, we looked down upon four or five cities. Assisi, Folinoj, Spoleto, and others — upon three ranges of mountains, and beautiful plains covered with ripe grain, with green vines, and grey olives; and the dark cypress. Never can that picture be taken down from the chamber of memory. And Narni! our view was upon the highest part of the lofty and steep hill from which this beautiful little city commands the exquisite vale of Terni, the most fertile valley in Italy! What should we think of a city on the top of Mount Holyoke, or on the site of the mountain house at the Catskills! And such are the sites of Perugia and Narni!

In the journey we have accomplished since the date of our last letter, we have spent a few days at some of the chief points of interest in Italy, four or five days at Genoa, a day at Pisa, and a week at Florence.

Everybody describes Genoa, but we had formed no just conception of the place before we saw it. We had taken up the notion of a city of palaces, deserted by their proprietors—a city in decay, where one might hire a palace for a hundred a year, and live upon another hundred in the style of a prince. We imagined that the past so presided over the present there, that everything modern slunk out of sight and mind. Instead of this, we found Genoa an exceedingly thriving city, full of a very active population, with a harbor full of ships, and with few signs of decay in her pala

dral, its Campanile, its Campo-Santo, its Baptistry—as far as their exterior goes, we were perfectly prepared to find them what they proved. Yet it is far more true of them than of most celebrated buildings that they look as well in themselves as in their likenesses. There is not within the same space four such interesting edifices in the world. The interior of the cathedral is finer than any church in Italy, excepting Saint Peter's, that we have yet seen. Its majestic size, the exquisite beauty of its marble columns, the perfect finish of its altars and monuments, the freshness of its appearance, its lightness and grace, captivated our senses, and fully satisfied our taste. We have our doubts whether we are to see in all Italy a church more completely pleasing than the Cathedral at Pisa.

We have lately seen reason to doubt whether the accounts we had received of the Pope's position are correct. It seems questionable whether he be as decidedly on the popular side as he is represented. To-day he is publicly announced as having expressed himself *opposed* to the war; there is, consequently, much dissatisfaction felt with his course. How far the younger portion of society in Rome—the artists, soldiers, lawyers—represent the general feeling, it is difficult to say. They claim to express the public sentiment, and that sentiment is for *war* with Austria. It is evident, however, that the war is not without its opponents among the property holders. The Pope is, perhaps, not as much at loggerheads with the *cardinals*, who are *conservatives*, as Young Italy takes pains to make it seem. But the mail closes in a moment, and we must hastily bid our readers good bye.

H. W. B.

[Christian Inquirer.

From the National Era.

STRAY LEAVES
FROM
MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY,
IN THE
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

(Continued.)

[The Diary of Margaret Smith is the richest vein of the kind that has been opened in a long while. It appears in the National Era in successive numbers. Is it genuine and authentic? We have seen nothing in the Era which enables us to say yes, or no. The hand of the editor of the manuscript, or of its author, if it be not genuine, does not appear—but there is only one man in the country who could furnish it—and that is Whittier. If not authentic and genuine, (though from internal evidence we are compelled to feel it must be,) then is it the most successful thing of the kind ever produced in the world of Letters.]

Goodman Brewster—Sabbath Profanation—The Broken-down Soldier—The Haunted House—An Angel entertained, but not unawares.

November ye 13th.—The Quaker maid, Margaret Brewster, came this morning, inquiring for the Doctor, and desiring him to visit a sick man at her father's house, a little way up the river; whereupon he took his staff, and went with her. On his coming back, he said he must do the Quakers the justice to say, that, with all their heresies and pestilent errors of doctrine, they were a kind people; for here was Goodman Brewster, whose small estate had been well nigh taken from him in fines, and whose wife was a weak, ailing woman, who was at this time kindlie lodging and nursing a poor broken-down soldier, by no means likely to repay him, in anie sort. As for the sick man, he had been hardlie treated in the matter of his wages, while in the warre, and fined, moreover, on the ground that he did profane the holy Sabbath; and though he had sent a petition to the honorable Governor and Council for the remission of the same, it had been to no purpose. Mr. Russ said he had taken a copie of this petition, with the answer thereto, intending to make another application himself to the authorities; for although the petitioner might have been blameable, yet his necessitie did goe far to excuse it. He gave me the papers to copy, which are as followeth:

"*To the Hon. the Governor and Council, now sitting in Boston. July* 30, 1726. *The petition of Jonathan Atherton humbly showeth:*

"That your petitioner, being a soldier under Capt. Henchman, during their aboad at Concord, Capt. H., under Pretence of your petitioner's profanation of the Sabbath, has sentenced your petitioner to lose a fortnight's pay. Now, the thing that was alledged against your petitioner was, that he cutt a piece of an old Hatt to put in his Shooes, and emptied three or four Cartridges. Now, their was great occasion and necessity for his soe doing, for his shooes were grown soe bigg, by walking and riding in the wet and dew, that they galled his feet soe that he was not able to goe without paine; and his cartridges, being in a Bagg, were worne with continual travle, soe that they lost the powder out, so that it was dangerous to carry them; besides, he did not know how soon he should be forced to make use of them, therefore he did account it lawful to doe the same; yet if it be deemed a breach of the Sabbath, he desires to be humbled before the Lord, and begges the pardon of his people for an offence done to them thereby. And doth humbly request the favor of your honors to consider the premises, and to remit the fine imposed upon him, and to give order to the Committee for the warr for the payment of his wages. So shall he forever pray."

"*Aug.*, 1676.—*The Councill sees no cause to grant the petitioner any reliefe.*"

Newbury, Nov. 18, 1678.—Went yesterday to the haunted house with Mr. Russ and Mr. Richardson, Rebecca and Aunt Rawson being in the companie. Found the old couple in much trouble, sitting by the fire, with the Bible open before them, and Goody Morse weeping. Mr. Richardson asked Goodman Morse to tell what he had seen and heard in the house; which he did, to this effect: That there had been great and strange noises all about the house, a banging of doors, and a knocking on the boards, and divers other unaccountable sounds; that he had seen his box of tools turn over of itself, and the tools flie about the room; baskets dropping down the chimnie, and the pots hanging over the fire smiting against each other; and, moreover, the irons on the hearth jumping into the pots, and dancing on the table. Goodwife Morse said that her bread-tray would upset of its own accord, and the great woolen wheel would contrive to turn itself upside down, and stand on its end; and that when she and the boy did make the beddes, the blankets would fly off as fast as they put them on, all of which the boy did confirme. Mr. Russ asked her if she suspected anie one of the mischief; whereupon, she said she did believe it was done by the seaman Powell, a cunning man, who was wont to boast of his knowledge in astrologie and astronomie, having been brought up under one Norwood, who is said to have studied the Black Art. He had wickedly accused her grandson of the mischief, wheras the poor boy had himself suffered greatly from the evil spirit, having been often struck with stones and bits of boards, which were flung upon him, and kept awake o' nights by the diabolical noises. Goodman Morse here said that Powell, coming in and pretending to pitie their lamentable case, told them that if they would let him have the boy for a day or two, they should be free of the trouble while he was with him; and that the boy going with him, they had no disturbance in that time; which plainly showed that this Powell had the wicked spirits in his keeping, and could chain them up, or let them out, as he pleased.

Now, while she was speaking, we did all hear a great thumping on the ceiling, and presentlie a piece of a board flew across the room against the chair on which Mr. Richardson was sitting; whereat, the two old people set up a dismal groaning, and the boy cried out, "That's the witch!" Goodman Morse begged of Mr. Richardson to fall to praying, which he presentlie did; and when he had done, he asked Mr. Russ how him, who sat silent and musing a little while, and then prayed that the worker of the diabolic[illegible]nce, whether diabolical or human, might be discovered and brought to light. After which, there was no noise while we staid. Mr. Russ talked awhile with the boy, who did stoutlie deny what Caleb Powell charged upon him, and showed a bruise which he got from a stick thrown at him in the cow-house. When we went away, Mr. Richardson asked Mr. Russ what he thought of it. Mr. Russ said, the matter had indeed a strange look, but that it might be nevertheless the work of the boy, who was a cunning young rogue, and capable beyond his years. Mr. Richardson said he hoped his brother was not about to countenance the scoffers and Sadducees, who had all along tried to throw doubt upon the matter. For himself, he did look upon it as the work of invisible demons, and an awful proof of the existence of such, and of the deplorable condition of those who fall into their hands; moreover, he did believe that God would overrule this malice of the Devil for good, and make it a means of awakening sinners and lukewarm church members to a sense of their danger.

There has been much talk of the bewitched house, and such dismal stories told of the power of invisible demons, added to what I did myself heare and see yesterday, that I can scarce sleep for the trouble and disquiet this matter causeth. Dr. Russ, who left this morning, said, in his opinion, the less that was said and done aboute the witchcraft the better for the honor of the Church and the peace of the neighborhood; for it might, after all, turn out to be nothing more than an "old wife's fable;" but if it were indeed the work of Satan, it could, he did believe, doe no harm to sincere and godlie people, who lived sober and prayerful lives, and kept themselves busie in doing good. The doers of the word seldom fell into the snare of the Devil's enchantments. He might be compared to a wild beast, who dareth not to meddle with the traveller who goeth straightway on his errand, but lieth in wait for such as loiter and fall asleep by the wayside. He feared, he said, that some in our day were trying to get a great character to themselves as the old monks did, by their skill in discerning witchcrafts, and their pretended conflicts with the Devil in his bodilie shape; and thus while they were seeking to drive the enemy out of their neighbors' houses, they were letting him into their own hearts, in the guise of deceit and spiritual pride. Repentance, and works meet for it, were the best exorcism; and the savor of a good life driveth off evil spirits, even as that of the fish of Tobit, at Ecbatana, drove the devil from the chamber of his bride into the uttermost parts of Egypt. "For mine own part," continued the worthie man, "I believe the Lord and Master, whom I seek to serve, is over all the powers of Satan; therefore doe I not heed them, being afraid onlie of mine own accusing conscience and the displeasure of God."

We are all sorrie to lose the good Doctor's companie. An Israelite indeed! When he had gone, Rebecca, looking after him, said—"We *have entertained an angel*, but not *unawares*."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1848.

FOREST HILLS CEMETERY.

An Address delivered before the City Government and citizens of Roxbury, at the Consecration of the Cemetery at Forest Hills, June 28, 1848.—By George Putnam, D. D.

The grandeur of the scene and the touching solemnities of the occasion found an appropriate and adequate utterance through the author of this Address. Dr. Putnam thus describes the "Forest Hills."

The way of access to these grounds lies along the green aisles of nature, free from the dust of travel and of traffic. The landscape is picturesque. There, in the southeast, the perpetual hills undulate along the horizon. From yonder cliff may be seen the towers of cities and the spires of country villages. Through the loopholes of the tree-tops gleams an arm of the sea; and all around and afar are the fields of rural industry and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

And here, within the enclosure, the heaving surface is pleasantly diversified,

"And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flowers."

Wooded heights and shaded valleys alternate from side to side. There are the grassy slopes; and here, reposing at our feet, the little lake of living water reflecting the serene heavens. The oak, the walnut and the birch, throw their grateful shadows over the paths that wind through the interior; and the southern border is skirted by a solemn grove of evergreens.

"Where angels, as the high pines wave,
Their half-heard *miserere* sing."

These jagged piles of uptossed rocks record a fearful history of old convulsions and a wild war of the elements; and the mosses on their sides and the gnarled trees in their crevices are the emblems of present stability and peace. The chirp of the squirrel, and the song of the more timid species of birds, such as shun the haunts of men, testify of the deep retirement of the place. The fountain which breaks cold and sweet at the foot of yonder precipice, tells us by its beautiful inscription, in the words spoken at Sychar of old, of that water, which whosoever drinketh, "it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Thus felicitously has the Creator's hand, seconded reverently by an unobtrusive human art, prepared these grounds:

——"Even as if the spot
Had been from eldest time by wish of ours
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green
And bright and fertile:—Peace is here
Or nowhere; It could not be more quiet.
Retreat within retreat—a sheltering place
Within how deep a shelter!"

The following thoughts on the practice of burying the dead in the heart of cities, and in vaults beneath churches, are just and worthy of universal acceptation.

The practice of burying the dead in the heart of cities, and in the midst of dense populations, is one of the barbarisms of modern civilization, and a decent regard both for the dead and the living requires that it should be discontinued. It is out of keeping with all our ideas of the sacred repose due to their remains, that their tomb-doors should echo the worldly talk and angry disputes, and light laugh and jest of the thronged street and market-place. A still greater outrage it is upon our best feelings, that the bodies of our beloved and revered ones, hallowed temples of their dear spirits, should not be permitted to pass back into their native dust, without being the subjects of protests and murmurs, and municipal restrictions and sanitary regulations.

And the practice is not much better, except in so far as usage and old ecclesiastical associations have sanctified it to Christian feeling, of depositing the dead in cells and vaults beneath churches. It is bringing death into proximity with life in an objectionable manner, while at the same time it forbids the sort of nearness that satisfies the heart of the bereaved, and appeals to the moral sentiments of the stranger. None can go there to meditate, none can approach the grave with any offering of affection. The way to its dark chambers can only be trod by those who go with a new grief to lay another treasure in its repulsive and gloomy receptacle. Such methods of burial, we cannot but think, will soon be superseded, and a return to more ancient and appropriate modes be universally accomplished.

So long as we are in the flesh ourselves, our love, our sorrow, our respect, our fond recollections cannot be separated from the image of their material form. It is sacred dust forever to the souls that loved them. Wherever it is laid, our hearts have a property in it that can never be alienated while memory and affection endure. There is a hallowed tie that binds us to the spot with a holy home feeling, wander where we may. The soul of the very savage clings to the land where his fathers' bones are laid, and parts from it in anguish, and yearns for it as his only home. And no pitch of civilization, no influence of philosophy or religion, breaks or ought to break that bond of sacred association, woven by love and grief, between the yet beating heart, and that heart and hand and countenance which death has stilled and changed.

We select two other paragraphs—the last, that which closes the Address. There remain choicer gems than those we have selected; and even our selections will appear in greater beauty when viewed as they occur in the Address. We hope for its wide circulation, and feel assured that many readers will thank the author as a helper in putting off their mortality and clothing themselves with immortality, while they go with more cheerfulness to their grassy couch smoothed by the hand of pious care.

On the entablature of the gateway at the northern entrance, we shall hereafter see inscribed in golden letters, those words of the Son of God,—words that have moved the heart of the world, and carried heavenly light into the dark places of mortality and grief—I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. What words so fit to be graven on the portal of a Christian burial place, as well as on every Christian mourner's heart. He who spake them as the Father gave him to speak, was borne from his cross and laid down in a Garden, the garden of the sepulchre; or rather would we call it by its greater name, the garden of the Resurrection. All the spiritual charm of this lovely garden where we shall lay our treasures, shall be but a reflection of the beauty of that Garden of the Resurrection in far Jerusalem. The faith and hope and religious peace, that shall divest this place of graves of its mortal horrors, are but amaranthine flowers transplanted from that garden to this—from the grave of the master to the grave of the disciple. The angels that watched by that sealed tomb, to the eye of faith shall watch by these also. He who conquered death there, hath abolished it here. That glorious promise, "because I live, ye shall live also," verified and confirmed at that opened and empty sepulchre, shall throw a heavenly radiance over the sepulchres of *our* righteous dead, proclaim their victory even in the arms of death and the lap of corruption, and reconcile the nearest and most stricken mourner to gentle sorrow and cheerful fortitude and great peace in believing.

Come, then, ye advancing companies of the dying! Come, children of mortality, and take your allotted places within these peaceful bowers. They shall be sacred forever to your holy claim. We bid you welcome, sent of God, to your grassy couch spread in the gentle lap of nature by nature's God and yours. The earth lie light upon you! Come, and our faithful care shall shield your slumbers. And he who clothes the flowers at your feet with glory, and upholds the sparrow that sings your matin song in the branches above, shall keep you in peace till the day of his appearing when the graves shall be opened and the sea give up its dead.—Come, in willing obedience to the summons of your God; and, O, be it, through his grace, with the song of the redeemed just parted from your marble lips, and the light of faith lingering in your closing eyes, and the seal of the heavenly promise stamped on your tranquil brows! Come, and, till the resurrection morn, rest here in peace,

"And Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwrap
Your monuments and your memory."

SERMON BEFORE THE CHARLESTON BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY.

What is the worth of Doctrine? A Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the Charleston Unitarian Book and Tract Society. By Edward Everett Hale, Pastor of a Church in Worcester, Mass. To which is added the 27th Annual Report of the Directors. Printed at Charleston, S. C., 1848.

The Sermon and the Report are each valuable. We have but one fault to find—that the *date* of the meeting of the Society, is not given—unless May 21st be the date, which we find in the Financial Report thus: "May 21, 1848. Balance on hand this day, $45,99."

Mr. H. presents the true view of doctrine when he speaks of it as "the means of life, but not the end of life."

"Religious doctrine," continues Mr. H., "is a necessary means for man's action. It is the preliminary means for his action. His action will be spasmodic without it. His course, however moral, will be aystemless, unprincipled without it. His life will be fragmentary and broken without it. If in the very outset of his life he gain it, a blessing will it be to him through his life. If it is only late in life that he gain it, he will shudder to look back on the confused, senseless mosaic of his old existence. Therefore is it that we teach doctrine. Therefore that we teach as widely as we can, and as early as we can, that God is our Father, that God so loved the world that he sent his beloved Son into the world, that men might not perish but have everlasting life; that all men are brethren, of one blood, of one life, of equal and eternal rights before God and men, and that they all may and must fulfil the duties of that everlasting life, now and through all ages.

For the theological doctrines, as to God, as to Jesus, as to mankind, which we draw from these principles, we claim that they, and no others, are to be found in Scripture, and we have never declined the argument for that claim. We claim that they, and they only, accord with the inborn lessons of God, with the original life from God, which is the light of men, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. We never decline argument of that claim. And we claim, that they make the only connected theological system by which a man can live without inconsistency somewhere, can live truly, and constantly enlarge his life. For that argument we are ready. But while we claim this, and while we argue this, we do not claim, we do not argue that a firm faithful adhesion to those tenets merely, will, of itself, pass any man into that increase of powers which makes heaven. We know that the adoption of doctrine, even the firm and faithful adoption of the best of doctrine, is only the first step of a long, laborious, and dangerous journey."

"Besides the true doctrine, we know that a man must have true zeal, true hope, true faith; we know that he must pray in season and out of season; we know that he must labor, to-day, to-morrow, always."

Mr. H. concludes his discourse with a persuasive, direct address to the Society, the last paragraph of which is as follows:

"Gentlemen, you will, in all the operations of your Society, impress the truth on those whom you may reach, that we are trying to influence doctrine only because we would influence life:—that that is our only object in our writing, our preaching, or our organization. When we speak of the true doctrine, we mean that which seems best to secure true and hearty life,—to raise the standard of the life of the community; year by year to raise the life of each man in the community—and to bring each man nearer the Father in whose image he is made—that is our object when we press our peculiar views of doctrine—and we have, we can have no other!"

From the *Report* we learn that the Society was constituted in 1821. Its officers are D. C. WEBB, *President*; Samuel Gilman, D.D., Corres. Sec. and Librarian; Joseph Walker, Treasurer; A. G. Mackey, M. D., Recording Sec.; also a Board of Managers, and Book Committee. Number of original members 35; present number 48.

The President, by whom the Report is submitted on behalf of the managers, thus speaks of the value and efficacy of the faith which they are seeking to promote.

We feel ourselves more and more satisfied with the tenets we hold, the more we study the scriptures—the further we look into the subject, the better satisfied are we that we have all of scripture necessary to fix for life, upon us, the delightful and comforting views of Unitarianism. We repudiate the imputation, often laid to our charge, that "Unitarianism is a good religion to live by, but will not bear us out in the hour of death." We have, thank God, continued evidence of the falsehood of such a statement, when we know how many great and good men live by its principles and die in its consolations. We feel a pity for those who deny us any of the privileges of Christians—who, because they cannot think with us, must differ so far from us as to believe us radically wrong. We would not encourage one unkindly feeling to any sect of fellow Christians—we would lament for them, that they cannot entertain views which we love and cherish; whilst we would not charge them, because of an honest difference of opinion, with being in the *wrong*, we hope, we do believe, *we* are right; and because we believe we are right, we desire to live in the full faith of Unitarianism; and hope to die with these views."

A just and touching tribute is paid to the memory of a member who had deceased within the year.

"Since our last anniversary, we have lost one member only, by death. Dr. Joseph L. Stevens, had been for years a member of our Society—he departed this life on the 3d of August of the last year, leaving behind him a character unspotted. He was justly valued and respected in this community, where he was born,—and where he lived and died as a firm Unitarian; one whose mind had been brought to the subject by reading for himself. He was of real value to our church, and to our society, and especially to our Board of Managers. At our meetings he was punctual, and took an abiding interest in its business. For his efficiency as a member of this Board, we have only to refer to his elaborate report written for the anniversary return of the Managers for 1846, the twenty-fifth. The full and extended view therein taken of our doctrines, gives evidence how deeply he had studied the subject, and the style in which these views were brought forward, left us no doubt as to his refined scholarship. We may draw a veil over the scene, which in apparent high health, in the full vigor of manhood, in valuable usefulness, with every characteristic of the kindest husband, best father, warmest and steadiest friend, and most exemplary Christian—cut off such a man, by a sudden act of Providence, in 'the twinkling of an eye.'"

DR. BUSHNELL'S PHI BETA DISCOURSE.

The Massachusetts Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa in Harvard University, joined by several from other branches in other colleges, celebrated its Anniversary on Thursday of last week. The usual business-meeting was held in the forenoon, at which there was a very full attendance, and some resolutions were discussed affecting the principle of the election of undergraduates; they were, however, not passed, but referred to a committee to report at the next meeting. Rev. Dr. Vinton, Rev. Thomas Worcester, and Dr. A. A. Gould, of this city, were elected honorary members.

At 12 o'clock, the procession formed and proceeded to the First Church, where the galleries and wall pews were already crowded with ladies, and the reserved pews were completely occupied with members and others. The exercises were opened with an appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol. They were continued with the Oration by Dr. Bushnell, and the Poem by Epes Sargent Esq. We heard the oration and took notes; but were called away from the Poem by previous engagements. Of this last the Post remarks, that "it was a lively, pleasant, satirical composition, shooting folly on the wing, making sundry hits on the vegetable feeders, transcendentalists, woman's rights men, hydropathists and homœopathists. It was received with great favor."

We have shrunk from attempting to write out our own brief notes, and accordingly they remained untouched, unlooked at, for at least five days. The address seemed more like a strain of lofty music, only a note or bar or two of which we could reproduce. It was like a fountain:

"Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn until night;—
* * *
Changed every moment,
Ever the same."

The orator's sentences would sometimes dart out on every side, like a brilliant scene in pyrotechnics, flashing as they run, and showing at the terminations in the trains of thought, a maze (yet not without a plan,) of many colored flames, at which the spectators could not repress the murmur of their admiration.

The subject of the discourse was introduced with a beautiful sketch of a domestic scene—a kitten at play—full of activity. The beholder's own soul enjoys it, and sees here an emblem of another kind of play, though now indeed it be not yet realized. The speaker having thus struck upon the problem of Work and Play, announced it as his subject—and upon this apparently small thread of discourse, he strung diamond after diamond until the Rosary was completed, and suspended to it shone the golden Cross.

Work is the providential allotment. No creature that lives that must not work, and may not play. Dr. B. would first resolve the distinction between Work and Play. Outwardly they fall under the same category. Not until we pass within and consider them there, can they be distinguished. Work is activity *for* an end, play *as* an end. One prepares for enjoyment, the other is enjoyment. Work suffers the feeling of aversion, play excludes it. Work is done by conscious effort of the will, play is impulsive. We work because we must, we play because we have in us a fund of life that wants to expend itself.

The highest and complete state of man is a state of play. In this view *study* is to be regarded as a work, until the mind begins to dwell in truth as an inspiration. A perfect memory is that which is not reflective, but which reports the past spontaneously. When we ascend higher to Reason, to Humor, we are unsatisfied with whatever in its exhibitions bears the appearance of work. We speak of the play of genius, the play of humor. Our highest conception of intellectual exercise, is the inspiring liberty of play. As we ascend to religion, true virtue is spontaneous—self-denial is enjoyment—purity is unconscious of itself, it perhaps could not even blush. Purity by constraint argued impurity. Religion was imperfect until its nature ceased to be work. As means to an end, it was everywhere denounced as hypocrisy. It was its own end.

It follows that work is temporary, as it argued imperfection, defect. In this view labor lost nothing of its dignity, for it partook of the dignity of the noble ends of which it is the necessary means. Life is a great school of work. The young infant's falls are the discipline, its crying is the work which it receives in the university of labor until it graduates with its muscles prepared for the activity of play.

The subject was further illustrated from the devotion of our race to money-getting and pleasure—money-getting, the *auri sacra fames*—the epithet *sacra* indicating a something divine in this intense passion. Men work to get rid of work. It is work to obtain money, harder to keep, and still harder to enjoy it. Pleasure is pursued as pleasure, and there is no harder work than this. In theatrical exhibitions, men speak of going to the play. The drama is indeed the realization of play. Its source of interest is, that it presents scenes in another's life which we contemplate for no ulterior end, but in the spirit of play. In the drama, the author is hid, he can speak only through his characters; *egotism* is thus avoided—which is the least inspiring and most insipid of all human work. As acted, the drama involves work, and therefore affords less pleasure to cultivated minds than when read in the closet. Instead of going to the play, we should rather say, going to the work: for hard work it is to the actors, who are paid to strut their brief hour on the stage, and die by a forced holding of the breath. To uncultivated minds it is a source of pleasure, as it presents a higher ideal of life, and to them for the time the work of others is play.

Dr. B. passed to consider War as play. It was the play of men in an imperfect state of civilization, who sought war not with blood-thirstiness, but for its glory, its excitement. He however called war the Devil's play. He distinguished between courage and bravery. Courage is of the heart, bravery of the will. You call your hero a brave man; see that he lacks not courage. A hero is the truly great man.—Dr. B. contrasted wars of Conquest with the bloodless victories of Reform. On this entire part of his subject our notes are most meagre—both the manner and the matter of the speaker being so magnetic that our pencil was arrested, and we have not the *bravery* to attempt to reproduce any of the trains of thought.

From War, Dr. B. passed to Chivalry, and thence to Religion. He spoke of enthusiastic and properly quietistic movements as a counterfeit, a perversion of religion. The whole field of humanity is covered with counterfeits. The perfected state of humanity is a state where life is its own end and joy.

Passing into literature, Dr. B. spoke of Genius and Talent. Talent passes into Genius through work. If Genius is born with a man, it must also be born again. No man can reign with great inspired truths, except he who first serves them. If they fall into his bosom, and he takes fire and rises with them into play, well! But no man makes a wind for his vessel by blowing into his sails. If his genius is merely spontaneous, like the movements of the kitten, the growth of his beard will measure his progression into feline demureness and mature dullness. All the GIANTS of inspiration are SONS OF WORK.

Wit and humor were contrasted—(the former, work, the latter, play)—also Prose and Poetry.

The philosophic method was made a topic of rich remark. Dr. B. avowed his preference of the *a priori* method to the Baconian or inductive. The latter was to arrange a mere showbox of knowledge. The first method was to generate ideas, which are then to be verified by facts. Poetic ardor was the source of discovery. The man of science becomes a seer.—What are laws of science but the ideas of God? All great discoveries are the gifts of insight. The orator alluded to Kepler with very thrilling effect, in illustration of this branch of his subject.

In closing his discourse, Dr. B. remarked that as childhood begins in play, so the last end of man is play—and if we look for this, we find it in religion. Here, is work through which man ascends where life is the simple flow of love, and Christianity brings liberty, deliverance from self-love, from contrivance, from legal restraint, and man ascends into power and reveals for the first time the true greatness of his nature. Christianity has failed to realize this for man, because it has been placed too much in opinion, and there has been too much of uncharitable sanctities. Yet religion is the only element of freedom to the perfected soul. All intelligences want their element of life and play in God. As the world rises out of its baptized animosities into love, it shall rise to higher culture. For Christian love is the only true ground of æsthetic culture. Therefore, said the orator, I believe in a future age yet to be revealed, not only of science, philosophy, freedom, well-being, but of reciprocity and love between all souls and God. I raise this expectancy of the future not on prophecy chiefly, but on our natures. When it is fulfilled, it will then be found that Christianity has developed a new era. God will bring up from the lower a higher love, out of which a true literature shall arise. To be a scholar, and not a Christian, will not then occur. Religion will no longer be a constraint, but the emancipation of man. The last book of Revelation will have been written. Society will move harmoniously as by Orphean music. Poetry will be the real and true state of man, the proper and last order of souls, the rythmic close of the world.

PROFESSOR HODGE, OF PRINCETON, ON IMPUTATION.—We find the following quoted in the Puritan, as the sentiments of Dr. Hodge. It is gratifying to meet them. The great principle of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism as interpreted by the Old School, and the opinion of the *Puritan* itself, we have supposed to be, that justification is a declarative act. This Professor Stuart also has taught. In justification we are treated, says he, *as though we were righteous*. With Dr. Hodge's statement we fully coincide. Here, then, on what is really the inmost constitution of Christianity itself, we are one with Dr. Hodge, and we believe that every Unitarian will say the same.

"The Bible knows nothing of a simple outward imputation, by which something is reckoned to a man that does not belong to him in fact,"

"The ground of our justification is a righteousness that *was* foreign to us before, but is *now* made to lodge itself in the inmost constitution of our being." God's act in justification "is necessarily more than a mere declaration or form of thought. It makes us to be in fact, what it declares us to be in Christ." Here we reach the very life-spot of the Reformation. Is justification a declaring just, or a making just, inherently? This was the real battle-ground on which the blood of so many martyrs was spilt. Are we justified for something done for us, or something wrought in us actually our own? It is a mere playing with words, to make a distinction, as Mr. Newman did, between what it is that thus makes us inherently righteous. Whether it is infused grace, a new heart, the indwelling Spirit, the humanity of Christ, his life, his theanthropic nature; it is all one. It is subjective justification after all, and nothing more.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST AND THE DIVINE JUSTICE.

Romans iii. 24—26. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth [to be] a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, [I say,] at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

"Christ is the *propitiation* for our sins, not directly in the influence of his death on God, whether to make him willing to show mercy, or to make it consistent with his justice to grant mercy to the penitent, but in the influence of his death pre-eminently along with his life, to awaken penitence in the sinner, to restore him to holiness, and so to God's favor." [Christian Register.

"To say that the propitiation by the death of Christ was not necessary 'to make it consistent with God's justice to grant mercy to the penitent,' seems to a plain reader very much like joining issue with St. Paul, who declares that Christ Jesus was set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, &c.—'that he (God) might be *just* and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." [Boston Reporter.

How it "seems to a plain reader," may depend very much on the stand-point from which he looks. Our friend the *Reporter*'s doctrine, that the death of Christ was "necessary to make it consistent with God's justice to grant mercy to the penitent," is the same as to assert, in the recent language of Dr. Rice to Dr. Converse, that "God has here taught us that he could not, without being unjust, save a sinner without an atonement." Now if this be the true interpretation, ought not the declaration of St. Paul to read—"that he might be just and [*yet*] the justifier" &c.? The antithetic word *yet* seems necessary to express the antithetic *sentiment* which the common theory, as received by the *Reporter*, expresses. But this very important particle, *yet*, is not found—though indeed it is very often heard from the lips of men who quote the passage.

But we will give our own interpretation of the text, and should be gratified to hear the *Reporter* frankly say whether he really deems *this* to be "joining issue with St. Paul?" And if, by such an interpretation, we avoid joining issue, we should be further gratified to have him state not simply his rejection of the interpretation, but the grounds of it.

And first, belief in Jesus is virtually faith in God who sent him. Faith in God is filial confidence in God—and this is, necessarily and intrinsically, *righteousness*. It is righteousness considered in its elemental germ and principle; it is righteousness in exercise; it produces good works.

Secondly, if faith in Christ, or, which is the same thing, faith in God, is righteousness, then of course God can "be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

Thirdly, our whole view of the sentiment of St. Paul, is as follows:—Christ is set forth objectively, to produce faith in us subjectively. By his whole life and especially his death, he awakens penitence, and the prodigal says, "I will arise and go unto my Father." In the exercise and fulfilment of this resolution, the sinner is restored to holiness, and so to God's favor.

St. Paul speaks of Christ as "a propitiation"—that is, *a mercy-seat*. Of course this is a figurative term. What then is its significance? Is it not this?—that God meets man in Christ. To Philip, who said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," Jesus replied, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known ME, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Manifested in Christ, more truly and wonderfully than on the mercy-seat of old, the Father speaks forgiveness to the penitent. The forbearance of God in respect to the remission of past sins is published and expressed by the Son of God, in a manner adapted to reach the heart. There goes forth from Jesus—from his character and teachings, from his life, and especially from his death connected also with his resurrection, a moral power which with him came from God "that he might bring us unto God," and so we are saved.

"A propitiation through faith in his blood." The figure is preserved. On the mercy-seat where God appeared, in the Levitical service, blood was sprinkled. When God sent his Son to declare his mercy, Christ's death was the *seal* that he was the Son of God. His manifestation of the Divine mercy was confirmed, and the heart might therefore repose with perfect confidence in the forgiveness of sins proclaimed and assured. St. Paul does not say, faith in the blood of Christ as a propitiation. But faith in the blood of Christ—in other words, faith in Jesus the Crucified, discerns the Father in Jesus, beholds him there as on the mercy-seat of old, and hears him declare the sinner just, who, believing in Jesus, believes also in God that sent him, and is brought to true repentance.

With repentance thus effected, true personal righteousness begins: it is increased as faith in Christ and in God works by love—*for love is the fulfilling of the law*; it shall become perfect at last in the day when "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." This, to our view, is a glorious *method of justification*. Of course it is of *grace*; for Christ is the gift of God, through whom righteousness thus comes.

The *Reporter*, and all who have followed the train of thought we have presented, will please turn to the extracts from Dr. Hodge that will be found in another article. The righteousness which we deem essential, is that which Dr. H. insists on, viz., "that which *was* foreign to us before, but is *now* made to lodge itself in the inmost constitution of our being." Holiness the germ and principle of which is faith; holiness, which is nothing else than "faith working by love," "makes us to be in fact what we are declared to be in Christ."

In conclusion we will paraphrase the words of St. Paul as expressing our meaning.

Being made just freely, through the Divine favor, by means of the redemptive power which is in the Gospel and in the spiritual influences that proceed from Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth as it were a mercy-seat where he manifests himself to man—faith seeing in the death of Christ the more clearly, and feeling the more deeply the fact as confessed even by the Roman Centurion—"*truly this was the Son of God*;" and, seeing this, of consequence discerning more clearly the Father as expressed by Christ, with all the Father's mercy: Christ Jesus, sent forth and set forth to declare God's great act of rendering men just,* as in the exercise of his forbearance, he remits their past sins in connection with their repentance, and is the Author through his grace of their repentance itself, and of their future holiness as it advances toward perfection; to declare at this time now, (for now is the accepted time,) his act of constituting righteousness—that he might be righteous while he renders righteour and accepts the believer in Jesus. It is now just for him to receive man to his favor, since through the aids vouchsafed in Christ man *becomes* just.

The view thus opened is to our own mind satisfactory and impressive. Nor, we trust, will any of our readers turn away from it as merely doctrinal or exegetical. It is profoundly and thoroughly practical. It presents a truth adapted to affect the heart; and to bring this truth out fully and clearly has been our aim. Here "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image." Here discerning the Father in Jesus, we are enabled to become, through the assimilating power of truth, "perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect."

* In the phrase "*for* the remission of sins," we have given the particle translated *for* (*dia*) the signification "of the manner or state *through*, or *during* which any thing takes place." See Robinson's Lexicon. It would not affect the sense to translate it *by means of* or *on account of*—which it usually has.

SUPPLY OF VACANT PULPITS. We expressed a difference of opinion from a respected correspondent who believed that the professors at Cambridge, by their continuing to preach after leaving the ministry, hindered the settlement of candidates. We have since learned that one of them has not preached for two years, and that the other, by his labors continued through some six months, laid the foundation for a society, and prepared the way for a pastor recently settled over it. So far from the professors being a hindrance in the way of those persons who are candidates for the ministry, they have most faithfully sought to secure openings for them—to prepare their way into pulpits to be heard as candidates; and there is not a Committee of supply in the vicinity who will not testify to it.

We shall regret if the professors at Cambridge shall cease to preach. We would have them still preach as a change of labor which shall re-act against the wear of mere instruction. We would have them preach to preserve in them the tone and life of the preacher, which shall better fit them to prepare young men to preach. We would have them preach to connect them more sensibly with our churches, and to help in the work where, say what we may about the overplus of candidates, still "the harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few."

For the Register.

THE MINISTRY.

MR. EDITOR: I have been, in common as I think with many others, deeply grieved and mortified at the tone of certain communications which have lately appeared in the Register and the World, relating to the difficulties and the claims of Candidates for the Ministry. Can it be that any considerable number of those engaged in such a responsible and sacred office, really entertain such mercenary and sordid views of their profession? Do they indeed *give their* countenance to a common sneer of infidel and worldly men, that ministers preach *for a living*? I would fain believe that the authors of the communications which I refer to, are not themselves preachers. For nothing would make me so despondent for the cause of christian truth and life, as the knowledge that the heralds of this truth, the preachers of Christ's gospel, were looking chiefly to the *hire* for their reward! Shame on those who dare thus to serve God and Mammon at the very altar! What! has it come to this, that we are to *complain* because there are so *many* laborers in the Lord's vineyard—lest there be not enough (*pay!*) "for us and you?" Yet such seems to be the spirit of these writers—or what do they mean by talking of taking bread "from the mouths of the unemployed?" One complains that the professors in the Divinity School should ever supply vacant pulpits—because, forsooth, they have *salary* enough already! Another says that it is too bad that the young men in the School should be allowed to preach before their time—because they are *anticipating* their share of the profits! I am not lightly moved by a regard to mere appearances. But as one of a profession which is to me the noblest work in life and to labor in which is its own great reward, I am mortified and indignant that we should (in these communications) present to the world the appearance of so many hungry expect

the old church was built in 1808,] including the carpets and cushions, did not exceed $4000—so that the average price of the pews fell short of $4 0each.

The church is thought to be a model for neatness, convenience and beauty.

On the following Sabbath, by the unanimous vote of the Society, a new Hymn Book, (the Cheshire Collection,) was substituted for the old.

Yours, &c.

For the Register.

MRS. BELINDA LEONARD.

Died in Norton, August 24th, Mrs. Belinda, wife of Hon. Cromwell Leonard, aged 57 years.

In the death of Mrs. Leonard, a severe loss is felt in her family, in the church of Christ, and in the community in which she lived. She was a practical christian, ever taking a deep and lively interest in the welfare of her family, neighbors, and friends; and in the maintenance and spread of the religion of Jesus.

Inheriting the seeds of a pulmonary disease, which had often menaced her life, and which has finally terminated it, her health was always frail; still, from a naturally energetic, active temperament, she made herself extremely useful in life, not only to her own family, but to others about her.

She manifested a sincere desire to live near to her divine Master. Her interest in religion, and the welfare of the church to which she belonged, together with the success of the Sabbath School, was ever manifested by her constant attendance on the ordinances of religion,—her zealous efforts to do what she could to encourage others in a christian life,—and her efficient labors and aid for the religious improvement of the children and youth of the Parish, so long as she had strength to labor in the field of her Lord and Master. And after disease and weakness compelled her to cease her active labors for the good of others, her interest nevertheless in the welfare of the church—in the cause of Christ and his religion, abated not.

During a protracted, painful sickness which she bore with christian patience and hope, she sometimes expressed regrets that she could no longer go up to the sanctuary of the Lord with her friends, and be spiritually refreshed by the prayers and services of the sabbath, as she had been accustomed to do; nor continue her efforts in the Sunday school society in behalf of the children belonging to it, in all which she took a lively interest.

Ardent in her feelings and sympathies, she was kind and devoted to her family and friends, and generous to the needy and suffering.

In her religious *faith* she was rational and evangelical; and was effectually sustained and comforted by *it* at the last moments of her life. She died, as she had lived, in the full hope of realizing a better life beyond the tomb.

Surely a mother in Israel has departed; but she has left a Remembrancer behind of an active, christian life, the best possible legacy to her family and friends. Peace be to her memory.

G.

For the Register.

MRS. MARY EMELIA ELIZABETH JENNISON.

Died in Cambridge Mass., August 16th, 1848, Mrs. Mary Emelia Elizabeth Jennison, aged 88 years, relic of Dr. Timothy L. Jennison. Mrs. J., was a native of Halifax, N. S., and daughter of Jonathan Belcher Esq., Lieut. Governor and chief Justice of Nova Scotia. In the course of a long life and varied scenes, Mrs J., has been called to various trials which she bore with great patience and resignation. She was uniformly correct, upright, and just in her life and conversation—and exemplary in her conduct towards others. During her confinement for the last four years, she bore her trials with undiminished equanimity and composure. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

For the Register.

ROSSINI MELROSE BARRUS.

Died in Chelsea, the 26th inst., Rossini Melrose, youngest son of Dr. H. G. and Emeline Barrus, Aged 19 months.

The *spirit* of the *beautiful* is gone
To the home of the *pure* and the *blest*,
On the wings of *Bright Angels* upbourne;
Oh sweet be the place of its rest!

His soft silvery voice is now hushed
That *charmed* as it fell on the ear;
Fond hopes that were *springing* are crushed,
In the dawn of his *spotless* carer.

Tho' *gone* his MEMORY will live
Unfaded through the *vista* of years;
Secure in all that AFFECTION can give,
And nourished evermore by its tears.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review. Conducted by B. B. Edwards and E. A. Park, Professors at Andover, with the special cooperation of Dr. Robinson and Professor Stuart. August, 1848.

New England has no reason to be ashamed of her religious periodical literature. The Christian Review, the Church Review, the New Englander, the Universalist Review, and the Christian Examiner are surely all good in their way. As to which is the ablest, opinions might differ, although most of our readers would probably name first the Christian Examiner, and after that the New Englander. The last comer into the field—the Church Review—bears the palm in one respect; for beyond question the Episcopal organ at Hartford, is the heaviest—its great specific gravity in our view being caused quite as much by lead as gold. Yet the Church Review promises to be of value certainly to its denomination in promoting the literary taste, which in New England, its clergy so much need.

Besides these denominational organs, we have one periodical, which although conducted by Orthodox men mostly of Andover, claims our regard chiefly as the organ of New England scholarship, admitting articles of a character too learned and abstruse for our more popular periodicals, and not limiting its pages exclusively to contributors of any denomination. Orthodox Congregationalists, Baptists and Unitarians have appeared among its contributors, and among the writers of the articles in the present number, we observe the names of eminent men from four prominent seminaries of learning.

It is highly important that New England should possess such an organ. It must, indeed, be under the auspices of Editors from the predominant sects, but that should be little objection, if in matters of pure scholarship it is open to contributors from any quarter. In common with many of our friends we have been readers of the Bibliotheca from the beginning, and are indebted to its pages for much valuable knowledge. Its theology is indeed once in a while too strait for us, but in many cases, when it deals even with dogmatics, it takes a broad range and breathes a catholic spirit such as is quite refreshing after having breathed the bituminous atmosphere that exhales from certain weekly publications nearer our vicinity.

The present number has three philological, three exegetical, two geographical, two historical, two theological articles, besides an article of literary and theological miscellanies. Of these, four are from the German.

This Review is one among many proofs, that the hope of New England scholarship rests chiefly with our clergy. In what other profession can men be found who have time and interest for topics of the elevated intellectual character, treated in the Bibliotheca and our denominational Reviews! The profession of Law is too prone to sink literature in finance, and unless a different spirit is shown by the bar we shall ere long seek in vain among its prominent men for literary service. We know, that it is common to call the clergy, mere bookworms, and ignorant of life and man; but surely learning is no enemy to practical experience, but rather brightens the light of the present by the wisdom of the past. We believe that many preachers lose influence with their hearers from being unable to enrich their sermons with the apt illustrations, and to favor the people with the instruction, that a more faithful study of history, philosophy, literture and theology would supply. Our sermons are made up too much of speculation and exhortation. There is too little instruction in them.

* *

Christian Examiner. Sept. 1848.

To say that the Examiner grapples questions of the highest moment connected with both doctrinal and ethical Christianity, and with the highest moral and religious happiness and welfare of society, and that it discusses these questions with manliness, good sense and earnestness, is only repeating what in substance we have already said, and what could never be asserted more justly and appropriately than of the present Number. Some of its positions may fail to command our assent—as for instance that of the reviewer of Channing's Memoirs, in his remarks on the relative importance of doctrinal Christianity. We do not believe that Channing would have reared such a glorious ethical structure except on the foundations of Unitarian Christianity—or rather, we will say, on those principles of interpreting the Scriptures, the legitimate result of which establishes the truths of Unitarian Christianity. And to disparage these doctrines; to say in a loose manner that Religion is a life and not a doctrine—thereby implying that doctrine is of minor importance—will lead many to rear an edifice which the first violent tempest sweeps away.

The Christian Observatory. September 1848.

The Editor of this Magazine claims the paternity of the article on the Massachusetts Convention, noticed in the *Register*. If the Observatory were a little more free from gall, we could recommend it, especially for its Observations on men, books and things, and its Monthly Record, as the *Punch* among the religious periodicals of the day.

The Spirit and Subjects of Study. An address delivered before the Sigma Pi Society of Illinois College, at its Anniversary, July 12, 1848. By Rev. L. Grosvenor. St. Louis. 1848.

This address shows vigor and independence of thought, and doubtless communicated good impulses to the students who heard it.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. August, 1848. From T. Wiley, Jr.

No. iii. of Life in the Far West, The Danish Tale of the Horse-dealer, the Blue Dragoon—a story of circumstantial evidence—and Eighteen hundred and twelve, will gratify the lovers of the horrific. Art—its Prospects; Laurels and Laureates, are from the school of aesthetics, and are papers of ingenious though not entirely adequate criticism. This No. illustrates the line,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

for the last article—Sketches in Paris—is *severe* enough.

Columbian Magazine. Sept. 1848.

The first engraving—Monument of Mademoiselle Canda—is very rich, and is accompanied by remarks from the editor in a fine sketch entitled —Glances at Greenwood. Life in America, presents attractive images of social life.

The Father's and Mother's Manual. H. G. Park, Editor and Proprietor.

It is the object of this work to excite both fathers and mothers to the discharge of their responsible duties, and to encourage and assist them in the work.

Providential Escape. On Tuesday morning last, at the Charlestown Depot of the Fitchburg Railroad, Dr. Thompson of Charlestown took the cars on a professional visit to Littleton. Just as he stepped on to the platform the cars started—which threw him from his balance and he caught for support at the *brake*. This turned, and he fell backward down upon the track between the rails, stunned by the blow, and the cars (two in number) passed over him. At the moment of being taken up, he was unconscious; but he escaped with this, and the jar of the fall, and a temporary disuse of his left arm. At this Depot the *bridge* commences, leading from the Prison-point toward the M'Clean Hospital, where the floor is lower from the rails than the surface of the track anywhere else on the road. It is just *six* inches down from the top of the rails; and as the *break-point* beneath the cars is *five* inches above the top of the rails, there was the space of just *eleven inches* for him to lie in—and his position was not of choice but as he fell stunned. Had the fall occurred anywhere else on the road, or had he been larger in person, it would probably have been fatal. "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

Boylston Prizes for Elocution. The speaking for these was on Thursday, A. M. Aug. 24, the day after Commencement. The following were the successful competitors:

Edward James Young, of Boston, of the class of graduates, and Frederick A. Lane of the present Senior class, who received the *two first* prizes.

Edward Irving Bigelow, of Watertown, James C. D. Parker of Boston, and Francis P. Fisher of Oswego, N. Y., (all of the class of graduates) who received *the three second prizes.*

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the medium of your paper to invite the attention of the public to the Fair which is to be held in Faneuil Hall on the 1st and 2d of Sept. A Fair and Floral Festival will be held at the above place on those days in aid of the Prison Reform. On Friday evening a Social Levee, with music and Dancing for ladies and gentlemen, will be given. On Saturday, at 3 o'clock, a Floral Festival for children will come off.

Articles for the Fair should be sent to Prisoner's Friend Office, 40 Cornhill. Tickets for the Fair 12 1-2 cents. Children half price. Tickets for the Levee, 25 cents. White's Band has been engaged for the occasion. Refreshments at the Hall.—[Comm.

Dr. Morton, whose name is familiar to our readers, in connection with the Ether discovery, has returned after a temporary absence, and is devolving his whole attention (at No. 19 Tremont Row) to his profession as a Dentist.

Correction.—In the notice of the death of Miss Andrews in our last: 27th line for "watering" read "watching;" 50th line for "dissolved" read "disrobed."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We regret to learn that the determination of Rev. Mr. Edes, to remain at Bolton, has been overruled by circumstances, and that he will close his ministry in that place with the end of the year.—Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Marblehead, in consequence of his incessant labors for many years, finds his health so much impaired, that he has been obliged to relinquish, in a great measure, his public duties, and will probably soon receive a colleague.—Rev. Mr. Withington of Leominster has been compelled by feeble health to ask a dismission from his people.—Rev. Mr. Clarke, late of Charlemont, has removed to Warwick, and will supply the pulpit in that town.—Rev. Mr. Gale, late of Norton, has taken charge of the pulpit at Barnstable.—Rev. Mr. Newell, late of Pomfret, Vt., has become the minister of the congregation in Brewster.—Rev. Mr. Coe, formerly of Greenville village, Norwich, Conn., has resumed his connection with the pulpit in that place.—Rev. Mr. Rice, late of Mendon, has accepted an invitation to spend a year with the society at Eastport, Me.—Mr. O. J. Fernald, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School in the year 1847, has accepted an engagement to preach for a year to the society in West Thomaston, Me.—Mr. T. S. Lathrop, who has just finished his studies at the Meadville School, has taken charge of the pulpit at Northumberland, Penn., left vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. Kay. [Christian Examiner for Sept.

General Association of N. H.—This body met in Manchester, Aug. 22d. The exercises were opened with a sermon by Rev. Mr. Bouton, of Concord, from which the Congregational Journal quotes some interesting statistics.

The first Convention of Congregational Ministers, so far as appears, was held at Exeter, July 28, 1847, and consisted of 17 individuals; the first church was organized in 1638, two hundred and ten years ago. In 1670, fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, only three ministers had been settled in the Province, viz: in Hampton, Exeter and Dover. In 1738, a century after the settlement of Hampton and Exeter, 55 ministers had been settled. From 1788 to 1808 ninety-nine pastors were settled; from 1808 to 1828 one hundred and fifteen from 1828 to 1848 two hundred and fifty-six.—From 1638 to 1848 the whole number of ministers settled is 685. In 1816 the number of churches was only 55; in 1820, it was 81; in 1830 there were 146, and in 1847 the number had increased to 188. In 1816 the number of church-members was 5,108; in 1830, it was 12,867; and the last year 22,790. The increase in ministers, churches, and communicants, in the State, has been steady and rapid.

The permanence of the ministers was next considered, and the reasons for the change. The average period of office for 72 ministers settled previous to 1748 was 23 years, and the average age of 60 of them was 63. The average period of office of 180 ministers for the next 50 years, viz: from 1748 to 1798, was 20 years; and the averge age of 150 of them 64 years. For the last 20 years the period of office of 104 who have been dismissed or died is only 4 years; and the average period of all now in office is a fraction less than 10 years

The various local associations reported variously on the state of religion; some revivals—some a death. *The Hollis Association* made a very sensible and in our view a very encouraging report.—We quote from the Con. Journal.

"To those who regard a state of revival, in which there is great outward movement and large accessions of numbers as the only conditon of prosperity, the view of the state of religion will be uninteresting; while it will be full of hope and promise to those who can see tokens of the divine favor in the quiet enjoyment of christian privileges, in the existence of peace and harmony among brethren, in the even flow of christian feeling, in the unostentatious performance of christian duty, in the increasing attachment to the order and worship of God's house, and the manifest growth in grace of large numbers in the churches. "Public worship on the Sabbath has not for years been so well attended. some congregations being from one fourth to one third larger than usual. While no church has enjoyed a general revival, the gentle influences of the spirit has been among them as the dew upon the tender herb, and numbers have been gathered in upon a profession of their faith, while others of long standing in the church have been greatly strengthened. There is an increased confidence in the ordinary method of doing good, a heartier co-operation in benevolent movements, larger contributions, and stronger desires for the permanence of the pastoral relation. Mr. Hill, senior pastor of the 1st church in Mason, still remains among the living after 58 years from his ordination."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Arrival of the Britannia.—By this steamer, which arrived at the Cunard wharf on Saturday last, at 2 o'clock P. M., after a passage of 14 days, we learn that the harvest operations have been considerably impeded by the wet weather; that the grain trade is consequently in an unsettled state, but that the field crops of potatoes never looked better; that the English government were on the point of interposition to procure the peace of Italy; that the outbreak in *Ireland* is at an end for the present; Mr. Smith O'Brien arrested at Thurles as he was about to leave in the Dublin train of cars for Limerick, and lodged in Kilmainham jail; that the Roman Catholic hierarchy were about to interpose as peace-makers, praying for a general amnesty of political offences; that *France* continues tranquil under the government of General Cavaignac, but that an attempt had been made to assassinate M. Theirs; that the emperor of *Morocco* was marching against the French port Mellilla with an army of 170,000 men, and that the Moors had already planted cannon on heights above the city, which they were all day firing; that the *Austrians* under *Marshal Radetsky* had utterly defeated the *Piedmontese* forces under *Charles Albert* and forced him to capitulate by surrendering *Milan*, and retreating to *Tessino*; that the Pope had protested against the occupation, and the Chamber of Deputies had voted a project of a league of all the Italian States against Austria, and an edict of the Pope had been torn down by the populace; that civil war still continued in Spain; that the government in *Bucharest* (Turkey) was overthrown; that the cholera, steadily advancing westward, had reached *Vienna.*

Colonization. The following letter, though not designed for publication, contains the views of a distinguished civilian on the points in question, and being accompanied by a handsome donation, shows the interest he feels in the cause.—Pittsfield is the summer residence of Mr. Appleton. J. N. D.]

Pittsfield, August 9, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I have yours of yesterday calling my attention to the Colony of Liberia, and asking for a donation to encourage emigration to it.

I consider the establishment of that Colony a very interesting event, and now, as I have heretofore done, cheerfully contribute to its support. I consider it interesting as making the experiment how far the African race is capable of civilization and a regularly organized government. This is a question of deep interest. This colony has made a good beginning under circumstances highly favorable to the full developement of the powers of the race, and I hope it may continue to fulfil the sanguine expectations of its founders. A moderate increase by emigration from this country would seem most favorable in calling into action the self-reliance so necessary to success. The effect of this colony in civilizing the large native population under their government or influence, is the circumstance which will be looked at with the greatest solicitude.

I do not consider the efforts of the Colonization Society as having any appreciable bearing on the question of the extinction of slavery in the United States. The power of emigration is so small as to be but a drop from the bucket compared to the annual increase of the black population. It is a relief to be sure, as affording an asylum for the few slaves occasionally emancipated in the slave States. But the want of education and of moral character in most of these emancipated slaves makes it questionable whether a great increase of their number would be favorable to the experiment of civilization which it is so important to carry out.

I have been surprised to see so little attention paid to the question of emigration of blacks to the West Indies, especially to the English islands, where free labor is so much wanted, and to which the expense of emigration is so trifling compared to that to Africa. It appears to me a supject well worth the attention of the Colonization Society.*

African slavery is the exciting topic of the day. It is a curse which has been entailed upon us. I consider it a tremendous social and political evil. It degrades labor, the very foundation of all civilization. It is politically an element of weakness in the State which adopts it. But we of New England are free from it, and ought to be able to look at it cooly and calmly. I think the South wrong in claiming the *right* to introduce slavery into territory now free. Their arguments appear to me weak and baseless. It is difficult to found a natural *right* on an original *wrong*. This claim should be resisted as a matter of principle by the whole of the free States. At the same time as a practical question it is probably unimportant, since there is apparently no inducement to introduce slave labor in either Oregon, California or New Mexico. The whole ground was yielded with Texas.

As to the existence of slavery in the slave States, secured by the constitution, I see no reason why we of the free States should make ourselves very unhappy about it. Why not leave it to the parties immediately concerned? It is a matter sufficiently troublesome without our interference. Interference in the affairs of others is always distasteful, sometimes hateful—especially when accompanied by the denunciation of sinfulness. Such denunciation comes with an ill grace from fallible humanity. The question of sinfulness should be left where it belongs, between the individual and his Maker.

As a political question, the abolition of slavery in the slave States has difficulties apparently insurmountable at present. As a question of property, it involves an amount of about a thousand millions of dollars. For whatever may be said, slaves are property to all intents and purposes, in the States which have established slavery; property is essentially the creature of legislation.—Was such an amount of property ever voluntarily relinquished or annihilated? Would it be possible to make the owners indemnification on any principle of law or equity? A still greater difficulty remains, the question of political rights. Let visionaries say what they will, there is an impassable gulf which separates the two races, the African and the Caucasian. There is something abhorrent to most people in the mixture of their blood. At all events, as a matter of fact, amalgamation is impossible. Can the two races live together with equal social and political rights? It is believed to be impossible. Without a change in human nature, the more powerful race would oppress the weaker. Witness the actual state of the Jews in the midst of Christendom.

At the same time, without foreign interference there is little doubt that slavery will gradually be abolished in the most northern of the slave States. It may be abolished in all of them when slave labor ceases to be profitable; when labor in the cotton growing region is of no more value than it is in many parts of Europe. No one would accept a slave, white or black, in Ireland.

On the whole, I consider the question of the abolition of slavery in the United States, one of those great and difficult problems, entirely beyond the power of man to solve.

Fortunately, events of this kind are controlled by a higher and wiser power, on which we may rely with perfect confidence that they will work together for good.

You will thus perceive that I have complied with your request, that I should give my opinions on the whole of this subject.

I remain, very respectfully,
Your very obedient servant.
NATHAN APPLETON.

Rev. J. N. Danforth.

[* The Constitution of the Society restricts its operations to Africa.—Eds. J. C.]

Judge McLean. This distinguished gentleman was recently invited to allow his name to be presented to the Buffalo Convention, as a candidate for the Presidency. After mature consideration of the proposal in all its aspects and consequences, he replied,—"I am brought to the conclusion that I ought not to go before the Buffalo Convention as a candidate for the Presidency."

We give the closing part of his letter, in which he refers in a very satisfactory manner to the *professed leading objects* of this party in a separate nomination to the Presidency,—viz., the *non-extension of slavery.*

"Resting upon the principles of the Constitution, as they have been judicially settled, the free States, by moderation, vigilance and firmness, may prevent the extension of slavery to the free territory lately annexed. Without the sanction of law, Slavery can no more exist in a territory than a man can breathe without air. Slaves are not property where they are not made so by the municipal law. The Legislature of a Territory can exercise no power which is not conferred on it by act of Congress."

Steamboat Disaster. The papers bring us an account of another awful steamboat explosion on the Mississippi. The steamer Edward Bates collapsed two flues near Hamburg, Ill.. on the 13th and was towed into St. Louis. About *twenty* persons, on deck and among the crew were killed, and about *thirty* scalded and wounded, some of whom have since died. "Nobody was to blame!!"

There seems to be an awful recklessness in regard to human life among the owners and managers of steamboats on our western rivers. To what is it to be attributed? Why do we not hear of continual bursting of boilers, collapsing of flues and burning of boats at the North?

Charles Astor Bristed, one of the heirs of John Jacob Astor, and a graduate of Yale, has made a donation of $1350 to that College to endow a scholarship.

From Salt Lake. We learn from a young man who arrived last evening from the West, that in coming from Fort Laramie to St. Joseph, he fell in with a small party, consisting of four or five families of Mormons, in four wagons, direct from the settlement at the Salt Lake, which place they left on the 1st of May. They informed him that there was a good deal of suffering among the Mormons for want of provisions. They were obliged to kill their working cattle for food, and their stock of breadstuffs was nearly exhausted. Their wheat and barley crops had been entirely destroyed by crickets, which appeared in astonishing numbers, and, like the locusts, destroyed every kin of vegetation in their path.

The Mormon immigrants, consisting of about seven hundred wagons, in five companies, were met at Ash Hollow, on Platte river, one hundred and twenty-five miles this side of Fort Laramie. They were getting on well and had plenty of provisions. [St. Louis Org a

☞ NOTICE. The Quarterly Charity Lecture will be preached in the Old South Church, to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock. sept2.

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association will hold their next meeting at the house of Rev Mr. Morse, in Tyngsboro', on Wednesday, Sept. 13th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

N. B. Brethren will please observe the change of time. au26

MARRIAGES.

In Northboro', by Rev Dr Allen, Aug 16. Mr Timothy W Warren, to Miss H Elizabeth Brooks.

In Fitchburg, Aug 15, by Rev P Wood, Mr Audrew Jackson Smith of Ashburnham, to Miss Maria Savage of Fitchburg.

DEATHS.

In Northboro', Aug 19, Miss Mary Eagen, daughter of the late Col Wm Eagen.

In West Cambridge, Aug 25, Augustus Warren, only child of James and Elizabeth Warren, aged 2 years and 5 months.

In Lynn, Aug 17, Loring, son of Edward and Sophronia G Newhall, 2 years and 2 months.

In Lynn, Aug 19, Eliza Maria, daughter of Joseph P and Anna B Newhall, 1 year and 2 months.

In Lynn, Aug 22, Eliza M, daughter of Henry and Merinda Newhall, 4 years and 3 months.

In Ipswich, Edward, son of Mr Daniel Haskell Jr, aged 2 oears.

In this city, Aug 28, John Davis Williams Esq, of the long established and wealthy firm of J D & Moses Williams, aged 93.

In this city, at his residence, on Monday night, Aug 28, after a short illnes, from diabetes, Joseph W Ingraham Esq, aged nearly 49 years. He was distinguished in this community, and had been recently appointed a member of the Board of Education, having been for 20 years connected with the Boston Primary School Committee. He was a man of liberal views and good talents, which were all directed in a course of active philanthropy; and his loss will be extensively and deeply deplored.

In Milton, 22d ult, Mrs Susanna, wife of Benjamin Rich Esq, of this city; aged 75.

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—This is one of the very few patent medicines of the day which we can recommend with confidence to all who are affected with Coughs, Colds, or Consumption, or who are predisposed to the latter complaint. It has been used with considerable advantage by many families in town, and in a few stubborn cases has produced highly beneficial effects.—Rochester Daily Advertiser.

CAUTION.—In setting forth the virtues of Dr. Wistar's Balsam, we have no desire to deceive those who are laboring under affliction, nor do we wish to eulogize it more than it justly deserves. Yet when we look around and see the vast amount of suffering and distress occasioned by many of the diseases in which this medicine has proved so highly successful, we feel that we cannot urge its claims too strongly, or say too much in its favor.

Let the public be on their guard. Other "Balsams" and mixtures are sometimes imposed on the unsuspecting, for the genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Some, for the purpose of succeeding better in their schemes, have used a part of the name of the genuine, as "Phœnix Balsam of Wild Cherry," "Balsam of Wild Cherry, Comfrey, &c.," "Syrup of Wild Cherry," &c. &c.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington Street, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. 1w au26

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL. Chapman Hall School, in Chapman Place, will be re-opened on the first Monday of September next.

Mr. Baker would take this opportunity to thank his patrons for the encouragement they have always bestowed upon his labors; and he assures them that he will continue his utmost exertions to ensure the progress of their sons in all that pertains to their physical, moral and intellectual well being.

Mr. E. B. Dearborn has been employed in this School for seven years, and has proved himself an efficient and successful Teacher, especially in Mathematics.

Mr. H. G. Fette has been engaged for the last five years with perfect success, as a Teacher of Drawing, and will still continue in that department.

Mr. J. E. Gould, Teacher of Vocal Music in several of our Public Schools, and extensively known as a Teacher of that delightful art, will continue his valuable services.

Miss Emily Johnson, from the Normal School, who has had many years experience in Teaching, has been two years in the preparatory department, and given entire satisfaction to the patrons of the School.

In addition to the above, Mr. Baker has secured the services of Mr. J. A. Hastings as Teacher of Greek, Latin, &c. This gentleman is a graduate of Harvard College, and has had two years experience as Principal of Framingham Academy, and is highly qualified by age, experience and a love of children, to command respect, to excite to duty, and awaken his pupils to a love of learning.

Particular attention paid to fitting boys for the Latin and English High Schools.

AMOS BAKER, Principal

Chapman Hall, Boston, August 28, 1848.

Note. Mr. Baker may be seen between the hours of School, at his residence, adjoining the School-house. sept2 istf.

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will consider it an *especial privilege* to select their *Dresses* and *Shawls* from this variety, and TRADERS, from the *city or country*, will not know what constitutes a good assortment, until they have looked through our stock. PRICES WARRANTED SATISFACTORY to the Purchaser,

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THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXLIX, for September 1848. Edited by Rev. Alvan Lawson, D. D., and Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D. D.

CONTENTS:

Article I.—Amusements:
II.—Twingle and Luther:
III.—Republic of Liberia:
IV.—Christianity and Socialism:
V.—Common School Education:
VI.—The Tendencies and the Wants of Theology:
VII.—Vincent Bourne and the Modern Satirists:
VIII.—Memoir of Channing:
IX.—Rev. Oliver W. B. Peabody:
X.—Martineau's Eastern Life:
XI.—Notices of Recent Publications:
XII.—Religious Intelligence:
XIII.—Obituary.

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[For the "Christian Register."]

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BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, AT FRAMINGHAM. The second term of the eighth year of this School will commence on Monday, Sept 11th.—Terms, course of instruction, &c. as usual. Circulars will be sert to those who desire it.

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POETRY.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day has closed—the sun is set;
Well have they done their office, those bright hours
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropp'd it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wander'd the blue sky, and died again;
The mother bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasp'd with joy the new-born babe.

Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollow'd out,
And filled and closed. This day had parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith and trust, her peace to him who long
Hath woo'd; and it hath heard from lips which late
Were eloquent of *love, the first harsh word*
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age.
Still the fleet hours run on, and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant, shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great movement of the universe!
Or change, or flight of time—for ye are one—
That bearest silently this visible scene
Into night's shadow, and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet does the eclipse of sorrow or of death
Come unforewarned! Who next of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitter strife
With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men,
(Which, who can bear?) or the fierce rack of pain,—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life,
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At the broad threshold, with what fairy forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

[Continued.]

All the way, the level of the path is constantly changing, sometimes it is a rough and difficult ascent, often a sudden and abrupt descent. Many of these places would be absolutely inaccessible to ladies but for the guides or gentlemen clambering up first, and lending a hand on either side. Sometimes a precipice occurs of fifteen or twenty feet, which can be passed only by means of ladders pitched almost perpendicularly—and by far the worst of all is creeping up and down these ticklish ladders; for in that we can have no assistance. I assure you, we ladies displayed the organ of cautiousness, well developed, in our slow and careful progress up these heights and depths, for we could not shut our eyes to the fact, that if an unlucky hitch of the garments should take place, and we should lose our footing in consequence, a deep rocky basin, or watery reservoir on one hand or the other, was the only receptacle awaiting us in the fall. In leaving the head or foot of the ladder, we found it necessary always to look carefully about us, before choosing our landing place on terra firma. And here let me say, the guides were always very attentive, to give us advice or assistance in every place of difficulty, and we were always duly warned on approaching pits or precipices, so that no one need to incur any danger, unless through perfect recklessness.

During all the way, I have been trying to describe, the roof and sides of the cave presented almost every diversified appearance, except that of the perpendicular walls and vaulted domes, which constitute the interest and grandeur of the main cave and some of its branches. The roof in all this branch, until we arrive at the river, is seldom so high that a tall man cannot reach it with his hand. Sometimes it is a low, wide arch, under the centre of which it is necessary to walk, to avoid a contact with the roof. In one place we passed along a narrow labyrinthine way, just large enough for one person, which seemed to be let down about three feet into the horizontal rock, which here constitutes the floor of the cave. Over this winding way, as it is called, the roof hangs so low, that although warned by the guide, I found myself brought up several times rather suddenly, by an unexpected salute from above. Often, as you pass along, you see openings in the sides, some on a level with the floor, some higher up, and some which look so much like a continuation of the way you are pursuing, that if left to yourself, you would be puzzled to know which way to choose. Many of these branches of a branch the guides have explored, but visiters seldom undertake more than to thread a few of the main branches. It is the frequent recurrence of these offsets, which seem to run in and out of each other, in an exceedingly labyrinthine fashion, that constitutes the danger of venturing into the cave without a guide already familiar with the main direction of any particular branch. The whole scene, in fact, seemed to me *not a cave*, but an inextricable network of caves with no perceptible clue to guide the wanderer, who should become involved in its interminable windings. I caught myself looking up with a feeling of respect to the guides, for knowing so well how to go, when I saw no possible clue by which to direct themselves.

After a progress of between three and four miles, we began to be aware of our approach to the river, by the sound of trickling and falling water, and the wetness of our pathway; our progress along which, became something like fording a shallow brook, by stepping from stone to stone. All my care did not prevent my dipping my feet in over shoe-top. Sometimes we walked a considerable distance upon a sand bank, the wetness of which showed that it had been lately, or soon would be, under water. In some places, the water descends from the roof in small cascades, in others it trickles along the floor, in grooves or narrow channels to the rivers near. In short, for the distance of perhaps two miles in this part of the cave, the rock and water divide the empire between them, and it was here I felt the only sensation of chillness and humidity, after passing from the entrance. At length, the first river, the Styx, as the guides called it, burst upon our sight, with a light skiff floating upon its sombre-looking tide. This soon collected all our party together, and brought us to a halt. A consultation was held, as to the expedience of crossing the river that day, and keeping on six or seven miles further to Cleveland's cabinet, a part of the cave which alone we were assured would amply repay us for all our toil. To explain our hesitation here, you must know there are three rivers, with an interval of a quarter of a mile between each. The Styx and Lethe as they are called, are about the same distance across, and can be navigated at all times, without difficulty, but over the Jordan, which is three times the extent of the others, the roof of the cave, though in some places springing to the height of fifty or sixty feet, in others descends to within three feet of the surface of the water. This, at the ordinary stage of the water, leaves so small an interval, that passengers in the boat have to bow their heads in passing, in order to escape a contact with the unyielding rock. After heavy rains, these rivers rise rapidly, and might thus cut off the escape of a party who might rashly venture across them, at a time when this rapid rise was taking place. This was what caused our hesitation. The guides said it would not do to cross then, as the rivers were now on the rise, and the proprietor of the cave had positively forbidden them to make the attempt that day. Here was a disappointment. If we did not cross that day, as the rivers when once risen were generally several days in subsiding, we should loose entirely an opportunity of visiting Cleveland's Cabinet, on some accounts the most curious and interesting part of the cave.

The gentlemen, after consulting together awhile, and overcoming the opposition of the guides, by some means best known to themselves, proposed to the ladies "to go ahead." But the courage and enterprise of two of them, here failed, and it was agreed that one of the guides, and one of the gentlemen who had joined our party at the hotel, and had visited Cleveland's Cabinet the day before, should return with the two ladies, leaving the rest of us, four ladies and four gentlemen, to pursue our way, and dare whatever new dangers and fatigues might arise.

I confess my nerves quivered a little, at the thought of the perils we were about to encounter, and I ventured to remonstrate with the gentlemen, telling them I thought the opinion of the guides ought not to be slighted, and that I was somewhat fearful of proceeding. They unanimously assured me there was no danger, and that the guides did not really think there was any.

Mr. H. whispered to me aside some private reasons he had to think there was no danger, and assured me that in any case, there was another passage out of the cave beyond the rivers, called purgatory. It is true, the idea of having to pass through purgatory before we could rise to the regions of day again, did not much contribute to reconcile me to dare the necessity of trying it, yet as I knew he had been over all this before, and I had confided successfully in his judgment in other instances, I gave up my opposition, and the word was given to cross.

The three other ladies, I believe, to the credit of their courage and enterprise, made no opposition, and one of them, indeed, was as eager and determined to explore the cave to its utmost bounds, as any of the gentlemen.

So we were forced over the two first rivers by the guide, in the skiff, two at a time. One of the ladies, as she receded from the shore, raised her voice, and sung, "Row brothers row," and other airs, which, waking up all the sleeping echoes of the rock and water, sounded like some mysterious etherial strain, long after she had passed from our sight, behind the windings of the rock. Mr. H. took passage the next trip, and having his flute, he and Mrs. S. together, saluted us with such a concord of sweet sounds, as we approached the landing place, as I should in vain attempt to describe, so as to give you a just idea of it.

When we came to the river Jordan, all the party embarked at once, in a kind of flat boat, with three seats across. We found it necessary to balance ourselves very accurately on these seats, and keep perfectly still, for thus loaded the water came within two inches of the rim of the boat. It was now I began to feel, in reality, what a dubious enterprise we were engaged in. It seemed to me, and was, I suppose, the case, that any irregularity in any of the party might swamp the boat, and drown us all without hope of rescue, for you must remember there were no friendly banks on either hand, but only one continuous vaulted rock on the right hand and on the left, and over our heads, rising in some places perpendicularly out of the water, in others, shelving at an acute angle with the surface, holding, for aught I could see, impossible communication with other subterranean rivers, or lakes, or caverns, yet unexplored and unknown.

Sometimes a sharp angle of the rocky wall would seem to shoot directly across our way, and forbid our further progress, until our guide, by a dexterious use of his oar, would suddenly change the direction of the boat, and reveal to us a long stretch of water, apparently again intercepted at a long distance ahead by a huge projection or buttress of the wall, round which the river pursued its windings.

In this critical navigation the guide had his seat at the stern, with the lamps all collected together in the bow of the boat, throwing a condensed and steady light upon the water, and the walls on either hand, but having their direct rays cut off from him by the intervention of our party between. Once we came to what seemed to be a ledge of rocks just under the surface, with some sharp angular ridges rising just above the water. After one or two cautious but ineffectual attempts to propel the boat across this, some of the gentlemen had to get out, and balance themselves as well as they could upon these projecting ridges, where there was not footing for a chamois.

As my recollection returns to the scene, I can see them now spread out upon their supporting rock, like some new and strange species of amphibia, come up from the depths below to see the meaning of our intrusion. To support themselves in their ticklish position, it was necessary to hold on with determined zeal to their resting place, so that dignity of air and grace of attitude became entirely secondary considerations. I did not feel like smiling then, but an irresistible temptation to laughter now overtakes me at the thought of the scene, in which I know they would be first to join if the scene were recalled to their minds. This difficulty surmounted, and our friends again embarked, we continued our voyage without any further impediment, and were at length safely landed on the rude and rocky shore. The distance to be rowed on this river, is estimated at about three quarters of a mile. It is more like a narrow, winding, irregular lake, hemmed in and arched over by the everlasting rock, than a river having no perceptible current. It is said to be so deep in some parts, as never yet to have been sounded.

Beyond the rivers, the difficulties of the way rather increase than diminish. We passed over what the guide called the rocky mountains—huge piles of loose rocks, of every size and shape, occupying the whole floor of the cave, so as not to admit of any passage along, but by clambering directly over them. So fresh appeared their fractures and so sharp their angles, that to all appearance, they might have fallen from the roof but an hour before. I learned, after receiving a good many falls and consequent bruises, considerable tact in climbing up and down over them, so as to avoid catastrophes of this kind. As it was a kind of walking in which we could receive little or no assistance, our procession become one of single file, the guide going ahead, at a rapid pace, and the hindmost ones of the party often calling out to him lustily to stop.—They go over the same ground so often, that the delays and wonderment of every new party must be very irksome to them.

So difficult did some of our party find it to keep up with the guide, that they were sometimes left a long way out of sight and hearing, so that it was sometimes necessary to halt till they rejoined us, and we frequently counted our little band, to be sure that no one was missing. It seemed to me so easy to take the wrong way when out of sight of the guide, that though at first among the most dilatory of the party, I discovered, after a while, that it was the best plan to keep as near him as practicable. One reason, however, that stimulated the guide to the rapid pace at which he led us through this part of the cave, was the reasonable fear of the river, now rapidly rising behind us. I think, myself, he was strongly under the influence of this apprehension from the time we crossed, as no entreaty would induce him to slacken his pace, though he said nothing at this time to any of the party on the subject. I must not forget to say, that we took our lunch soon after crossing the river, having laid out our viands upon a huge rock that spread itself out, as if inviting us to make our table. We left our basket and remaining provisions there, to refresh us on our return, if it should be necessary, as no covetous or hungry interlopers, either biped or quadruped, were to be found there.

After leaving the rocky and difficult way I have described, we entered upon a smooth and comparatively level path, so narrow, however, that we could almost touch the walls on each side with our extended hands. Our way here, seemed like journeying along between huge perpendicular cliffs, closed over at the top by a horizontal layer of stone. To different portions of this long, narrow passage, the names of Audubon's avenue and Silliman's gallery have been given, in compliment to these distinguished men of science.

Towards the end of these, we again clambered up some difficult places, and found ourselves in a scene of an entirely new aspect.

Here the walls and projections of the rock are thickly covered with round, dark nodules, so much resembling thickly clustering bunches of grapes, that it is easy for a moment to come into the illusion that we have found a subterranean vineyard. But all other wonders sunk into comparative insignificance, when, on proceeding a little further, we found ourselves in Cleveland's Cabinet, the object that had lured us across the rivers and along our rough pilgrimage of ten miles. I, for one, felt myself amply remunerated for whatever toils and perils I had undergone. When the guide paused here and suddenly illuminated the scene with the blaze of a bengal light, it almost seemed to me that I was realizing some dream of poesy. If a vast bower or lofty arcade, thickly clustered over with foliage and blossoms had been suddenly turned into alabaster, the effect could not have been very different. We all stood grouped together in the centre, lost in admiration, and made the guide renew his bengal light again and again, before we were satisfied. The scene presented a grand hall or gallery, of about forty feet, of uniform width, stretching forward, as far as the eye could judge, into unknown distances, arched over something in the manner of a culvert, the centre of the arch being, as well as I could judge by the eye, about thirty feet from the floor.

This, as far as we could see, when illuminated, was densely covered over with incrustations, mostly of the purest white, and assuming, on a closer examination, a thousand fanciful forms. It is in vain to think of giving an idea of the real beauty and grandeur of the scene by any of the incrustations that can be brought away. Many of them are so exceedingly delicate and fragile, as to be incapable of removal without being destroyed. Many of them appeared almost studied imitations of lilies or tulips with their petals wide open, and the pestil projecting from the centre with all the distinctness and individuality of the real flower. Some of these are as much as ten inches across the disc, others vary in size down to that of the real tulip and lily. Sometimes you see a centre-flower perfect, with others half formed, in close contact with it, as if partially hidden beneath the petals of the other, in the manner of a clustre of real flowers.

While gazing in mute astonishment on this wonderful sport of nature, the fanciful idea occurs to the spectator, of their having been strained out from some exquisite mould fixed in the wall behind them, so delicately are they grooved and channelled.

In some places, however, these incrustations are much more indefinite and confused than at others, as if the process of formation had just commenced, or had not yet been completed.

Observations made from time to time, have proved that these beautiful and delicate productions of nature, have a regular process of growth and decay, so like that of their still more fragile prototypes of upper air, as to present a wonderful analogy indeed.

Whenever they have arrived at perfection, and are commencing their decline, the scene is like some beautiful summer bower, blackening beneath the influence of some sudden autumnal frost. A sort of dark mould begins to incrust the pure white petals, which soon decays and falls off in the form of a powder, being succeeded by another coating, formed from the substance of the incrustation, which, in its turn, decays and falls off, until all distinctness of formation is lost.

Unlike the stalactites and stalagmites of other parts of the cave, these wonderful formations seem to owe nothing to the agency of water. Not the slightest humidity in the air or dampness on the wall is perceptible in this grand and fairy-like grotto beneath the ground. The floor is thickly strewn with fragments of the incrustations, which have either fallen or been broken off, many of them covered up beneath the decaying and powdered remains of others. Huge masses of rock lie here and there, for the presence of which in this scene of beauty it is difficult to account, as there is no cavity in the roof or sides from which they could have fallen, and no irregularity in the floor from which they could have been disrupted.

[To be concluded.]

THE WIFE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

Martha Charlton, a woman of high repectability, both as to birth, natural endowments, and the gifts of fortune, became the pupil of the venerable non-conformist. In severe affliction he administered spiritual advice and consolation; in returning health, he gladly continued his friendly offices; admiration on her part gradually deepened into a softer feeling; and although a vast disparity both of age and outward circumstances seemed to forbid a union, he near fifty, she not twenty-one; he the victim of poverty, persecution, and bodily suffering; she lovely, accomplished, surrounded by the elegancies of life and the smiles of the world, yet it actually took place. It is said, that Margaret first felt, or first betrayed, an affection which has insensibly grown out of the communings of lofty minds of kindred mould and companionship in works, of mercy, such as angels love to join in.

A writer in the Edindurgh Review, gives the following sketch of her character:

"Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amid the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense, and of a fortitude so enduring, that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish, progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence, and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still with unabated cheerfulness, at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal, faith, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling-place, and during the nineteen years of their union joining in one unbroken strain of filial affiance to the divine mercy, and of grateful adoration to the divine goodness. Her tastes and habits had been moulded into a conformity to his. He celebrates the catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions, and her inflexible adherence to her own; her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of a Christian life as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy; her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music, and her medicinal arts. Their union afforded to her, the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors and of soothing in his unremitted cares, a husband who repaid her tenderness with unceasing love and gratitude, to him a friend whose presence was tranquillity; who tempered by her milder wisdom, and graced by her superior elegance, and exalted by her more confiding piety, whatever was austere, or rude, or distrustful in his rugged character.

A PRAYER COMPOSED BY PIUS IX.

(With indulgence of 300 days attached to every one who shall recite it in the required dispositions.)

O God, most merciful, humbly kneeling at thy feet, we offer thee the sorrow that overwhelms us at the sight of the sins, the calamities, and the desolations that are caused by war. God of peace, who permittest war in this world to the end that we may sigh evermore for the true and eternal peace which is to be had in heaven alone, oh! powerfully succor thy Vicar upon Earth, that the peaceful desires of his paternal heart may be accomplished. Give peace to the whole world, but especially to Italy, inspiring every one with sentiments of gentleness and of meekness: Thou, in whose hands are the hearts of kings and of their people, and who guidest them as it pleases thee! Thou, who presidest over battles and commandest victory, quiet the spirits of men, by setting before them the interests of thy most holy religion! Oh, let quiet and rest succeed the warlike madness that afflicts and lays waste the nations. May princes and people, turning towards thee, acknowledging that thou alone canst put an end to discord, may they hold it in horror. But above all, Lord most mighty, make peace, the precious gift of heaven, abound in the bosom of thy Church; let the divisions of schism and heresy have an end, that all enemies of the truth may be confounded, that they may return and rest in peace in the bosom of thy Spouse, our tender Mother; let union the most perfect, reign in all hearts, that having with one voice gloryfied thy Holy Name on earth, we may together go, through the merits of Jesus Christ, and the intercession of Mary most Blessed, to sing thy praises through all eternity in heaven. Amen.

(Then three times, a Pater, Ave, and Gloria.)
(Then the Antiphon.)

Give peace in our days, O Lord! for there is none other that fighteth for us, but thou only.

V. May peace be in thy virtue.
R. And abundance in our towers.

PRAYER.

O God from whom cometh holy desires, right counsels and just works, give to thy servants the peace the world cannot give, that our hearts may be whole in thy commandments, and that the fear of enemies being gone, our times may be quiet under thy protection. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—[N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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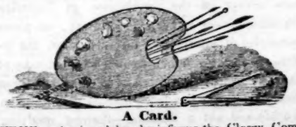

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